

THE SHEPHEARD'S PARADISE.

A COMEDY.

Privately Acted before the Late
King *Charls* by the Queen's Ma-
jesty, and Ladies of Honour.

Lo: Aston

Written by *W. Mountague Esq;*



LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring* at the *George* in *Fleet-*
street nere *St. Dunstons Church.* 1629.

THE

SHEPHERD'S

MANUAL

OF THE

CHURCH OF CHRIST

AND





Gentlemen,

AFTER I had seriously considered how to prepare the Reader to receive this piece, with apprehensions becomming It's merit; I discern'd my selfe incapable to contrive an Ornament beyond the noble name of the admir'd Author: When I have once intituled it to Mr Walter Mountague, & assur'd it genuine, I conceive the Expression imports an Eloge, above the designe and reach of the most alluring Commendation. 'Tis known, these Papers have long slept, and are now rais'd to put on that immortality, which nothing has hitherto depriv'd them of, but their concealment. They addresse themselves to the inspir'd and more refin'd part of men! Such as are capable to be ravish'd when they find a fancy bright and high, as the Phœbus that gave it: Such as have experienced those extasies and Raptures, which are the very Genius of Poetry; Poetry its selfe being nothing else but a brave and measur'd Enthusiasm: Such as know, what it is to have the Soul upon the wing (suspending its commerce with clay) reaching a room almost as lofty as the proper Scene of Spirits, till warm'd with divine flames, it melts it selfe into numbers as charming as the Harmony of those Spheres it left beneath it: Such as are thus qualified,

may here read upon the square; Others will finde
themselves unconcern'd.

Happy Pen! that hast blest us with such conceptions
as render it equally impossible to celebrate, and to imi-
tate: Happy Pen! that hast given the little-God a gar-
ment, as soft as the down of his Mothers doves.

This is all, my thoughts commission'd me to say; Ex-
cept it be, that I am

Your humble Servant,

T.D.

To

To his Friend the Stationer,

Upon the

SHEPHEARD'S PARADISE.

IF names can credit Books or make them sell,
Believe (Friend Stationer) your cause goes well.
The greatest part of Readers will engage,
Upon perusall of your Title Page;
And those that come not in toth^r Authour's name,
Will from the beauteous A&ors (iure) take shame.
I am inspir'd your gaine to Prophecie,
Me-thinks from utmost Inns of Court I see
Young Amorists smitten with *Belleſa's* look
Caught by the Gills, and fastned to your Book.
But still there does remaine a stiff-neck'd Tribe
Whom no Repute nor Author's name can bribe;
Through specious Titles who as easily see
As through a Common-wealths man's Liberty:
Doubt such the least; the learned and the wise
Must needs be took with deep Philosophies
And darke discourse: at least, good manners sayes,
They first should understand it, e're dispraise.

The



The Shepheard's Paradise.

A PASTORALL.

Saphira
Bellefa
Basilino
Moramente
Agenor
Genorio
Palante
Fidamira
Gemella
Miranda
The King.
Pantamora.
Camena.
Melidoro.
Martyro.
Bonorio.
Oforio.
Timante.
Votorio.
Romero.

The Queen.

My Lady Marquess.

Mrs. Cecilia Crofts.

Mrs. Sophia Carew.

Mrs. Arden.

Mrs. Villers.

Mrs. Kirke.

Mrs. Howard.

Mrs. Victoria Carew.

Mrs. Beaumont.

Mrs. Seamer.

My Lady Ann Feilding.

The Mother of the Maydes.

Mrs. Seamer.

The



THE SHEPHERDS PARADISE.

The First Act.

Oforio, Timante.

Oforio.



Hat whisper's this *Timante*, that
wakes our Prince out of his
amorous slumber, and blows
him thus abroad to seek for
rest in agitation?

Timante. This noyse, *Oforio*, hath past by my eares;
but judge you how unfit to be let into our beleefe.
When it must be a woman's vertue that's of proof
against such power, youth and honour, as our
matchlesse Prince attempts with; whose repulse
must counsell this retreat, and that cannot be, *Oforio*,
Constancy would too much cheapen herselfe;
should she impart such a proportion of vertue unto
a woman, when the rarity of it in that sex, is that
which hath raised Constancy to such a Vertue.

Oforio. There's a degree in vertue women may
attaine to in their defence, that they retain even
after they are taken: against Prince's assaults there's
nought to be required but a neglect of speedy com-

B

position;

possession; for taken as it were by assault, they remaine with as much honour as women were born to. *Fidamira* hath already made such a resistance, that it almost brings the possibility of Womens defending themselves against Princes, in question: therefore now even her surrender is a Trophie to her, and the gods owe the virtuous Princeesse of *Nauarr* that satisfaction, the dishonour of *Fidamira*; who, they say, quit her father's Court in a iust disdain, to marry one who loved another. I am sorry the Prince is guilty of an injury to so excellent a creature.

Timante. They say, *Otorio*, 'tis *Agenor* that intercepts *Fidamira's* love to the Prince; 'tis surely fixt on him.

Otorio. If it be so, he is but justly punished, for having set him so, as all things must passe through him to Himself, if his own joyes be intercepted by the way; 'tis a strange fortune of a man, *Timante*, redeem'd from death by such a chance, as none can know who gave him life; one, whom but forgetting, must have kill'd, preserv'd amongst the fury of a commanded extirpation of mortality; trusted to the rage of common Soldiers, who had pay'd so much of their own blood for this commission, as it was doubted whether they had enough left to execute it. In this deluge, to see one single infant sav'd, was such a miracle to me, as I have not wondered at his succeeding fortune.

Timante. It may be, the Prince being a child then did beg his life: beleeve it, he was more to him then his father, as reviving is above begetting; and so loves him with such a supernaturall tendernesse, above the fondnesse of a father.

Otorio. But look, *Timante*, where the Prince and *Fidamira* come: their looks m-ethinks, imply so little

the peace, that even their sorrows seem to contend for Mastery.

Timanto. Come, *Oferio*, let's retire; we shall know what kind of storme these clouds containe.

The Prince and Fidamira.

Basilio. Gentle *Fidamira*, forgive these looks and words that come in a morning to demand *Albricias* of you for the news; the use I meane to make of this my heaviness, is, but to sink me down unto a leuell even with you, that from thence you may receive your Equall not your Prince. I owe your virtue my conversion, for in persute of that which fled before me up to heaven for safety, my thoughts were raised thither, and detain'd; and were thus blest for following you, and their intent forgiven. So now I may justlier resume the name of *Prince* thus given by you; and yet preserve disparity between us: for my becoming thus a Prince proves you an Angell, and that prompts me to a demand which I dare aske, because it is the greatest blessing mortality can tast, and consequently you only can impart; and sure I was not destin'd to owe you lesse then all the good that you can give.

Fidamira. If I were sad before for one attempted innocence, I might be much more now, for this so generall injury to all our sex, in which Sr. you seem to exalt bus a resistance of unfuly wishes to that height of vertue our sex can rise to! Nothing can be call'd temptation Sr. to innocence, to make it selfe a way all's lost in the possessing; but such a vertue as should dare resist a Prince's fair and honorable love, when the yeelding is a victory, such a bravery of vertue were a subject worthy of your praise. To what a hight of contemplation would such a subject raise your soul, the which the preservation but of innocence hath carried even already into heaven?

Basilio. Sure *Fidamira's* vertue is not neere such an

extream; Virtue is allwayes gentle and pliant to the strength of reason. It weakens it selfe when it hardens into obstinacy. What reason can vertue bring with it, to justifie it's temper in the neglect of so fit an exercise of it selfe, as in a Prince his faire and vertuous love?

Fidamira. It must produce that which is above all Reason, faith either to the gods or men: virtue preserves her temper in the tendernesse of either of these vows; nor can a Prince bring any reason that this virtuous tendernesse may not overflow, and not resist.

Basilino. Faith to the gods, *Fidamira!* 'Tis scarce a good excuse for a dispaire; how can it then protect a froward contempt of all the joyes and blessings the gods ordain for those they represent themselves by? And Faith to men cannot be so religious as not to be subject to so high a dispensation. Might it not thus remit it selfe, even constancy might seem to be a sin. No *Fidamira*, the gods have not left such a temptation for Princes to repine, as the permission of such a frowardnesse to defeat their just desires.

E. d. smira. I wonder not to see a Prince so much mistaken in this virtue, Constancy, that is so free as tyranny enlargeth it. Princes should do well to prove it to be no virtue, since it may warrant disobedience to them, nor have You that call your selves the Images of gods, reason to repine, if, in your large commision, they have reserv'd the Sovereignty of our wills unto themselves. You then, young Prince, you that have introued your selfe among the gods, by the confinement of your wishes to be just; know there are none so, that would distresse, or much lesse break, a promised faith.

Basilino. By these turning stepps I shall winde my selfe into an admiration, so as I shall not wonder at her refusal; 'tis time to goe directly to my wish. I am so humble after my repentance, I do not bring my person, or my birth to claime a joyfull acceptance: but alledge your
virtue

virtue and your beauty, to which you owe even some constraint to place them in such a light where they may be most conspicuous; which I can plead to be prefer'd by your making me happier then any other.

Fidamira. O how blessed am I, that have the means to make so brave a Prince happier then he can wish!

Basilio. No more my *Fidamira*. I will not exact a word more then is necessary for a consent.

Fidamira. If, Sir, I must expound this happinesse unto you, you will not understand it at the first. Else know Sir, I love you so, I joy to think you may leave so new, and an unmatch't example of your virtues, as my 'condition doth afford you. Know Sir, I have deposited my faith, and have received a mutuall pawn upon it, and it must be your anger. Sooner than your love, that must release it. And, were it not a blemish to your innocence, even death would be an ease to mine: but pardon royall Prince even this little digression into a doubt of you. The gods that will not have your virtues call'd in question by a feare, assure me already you will, by a forgiveness of me, possesse your selfe of a diviner happinesse then can be due by any acquisition.

Basilio. O do not mock me thus in a submisse deluge of the sentence of the justest Heavens, in which you have an Angell's part to be the bearer of it. It is not fit, I should so soon be trusted with that innocence, I am so lately reconcil'd to; and Heaven will be so just to make the guilty fire of my lust, but-the-refiner of your virtue for another use. But I find Heaven mercifull in this, that it would vouchsafe me a miracle for consolation as well as punishment, that an accession of my love to *Fidamira*, should bring a patience with it to consent to this perpetuall distance you have pronounced; all merit to *Fidamira*. In this separation from my selfe to this exalted patience, I disclaime, and owne my bad humanity in my affliction for my curse; but I will promise you the rest of

my sad life to study this hard happinesse, which is not at the first so easily understood. But I am afraid the thoughts of you which must be alwayes mixt with my study, must keep it long obscure.

Fidamira. O that I were, young Prince, what you have call'd me but in my excuse, an Angell, that I might fly through all the quarters of the World; and with an Angell's voyce proclaim the yet-unheard-of virtues of the matchlesse *Basilino*. The grossest part of the earth, (where Love's so over-grown with flesh, 'tis not to be known,) would shake it selfe a pieces at my voyce; and Love abstracted, grown it selfe, would so remaine in emulation of your praise, Princes should owe you more then to their nature.

Which by the easinesse it gives them to out-do,
'Makes the harder their out-suffering too.

But your example would be a decission for them even in this. And for your part of happinesse, you seem not yet to see't. You must know, Sir, this is none of those light-colored joyes which fade and sully in the handling; this is one which wearing sets a glosse and lustre on. Which cannot decay but by your leaving of it off. And still the more you think on me, even those sad thoughts will be true shaddows to set off your joyes.

Basilino. I must no longer, *Fidamira*, trust my infant-virtue against the growing strength of thy beauty which improves in this thy interdiction of them. I'll leave you, *Fidamira*, and without asking any thing, not so much as, who is that Subject, so much richer than his Prince by the consignment of your faith; And I doubt not but the heavens think me so fully punished as they will ne'r consent to the breach of this my vow, of ever being guilty even of the directest solicitation of your love. And some auspicious deity antedates this case unto me, the believe that no other man shall ever injoy the matchlesse *Fidamira*.

Fidamira

Fidamira. Goe worthy Prince, and may you leave me all your sorrows. May your triumphant youth be crowned with such successes in all your future wishes, as that the pleasing multitude may perswade you, you had never faild in any. And may you never remember me, till your glorious life, glutted with prayes of our doing all your sex, may looke back on me for a more transcendent honour by this Mark, of how much you have out-done your selfe, and so present you with an unhop'd for joy, which is the only retribution I can hope to make you. Till then, let me, and him, be at a distance from your thoughts.

Basilio. Farewell, fair maid, you shall soon hear of resolutions shall some way deserve those good wishes you have now advanced.

Fidamira. May all the blessings which I would wish you, which are unexpressible, fall down as wonders on you.

Agenor, solus. I will not be so

The Prince stayed long with *Fidamira*, and is now going hastily to the King his father. His looks me thinke imply some strange resolve. He purposed now to make his last attempt, and to venture even his crown to take my *Fidamira*, whose virtue's such, as I beleve her beauty was bestowed upon her, to prove a tryall of it worthy of her glorying in. And the earth hath not a fitter then the just offers of this worthy Prince.

O here he comes.

Basilio, hastily

Basilio. O *Agenor*, had I now leisure equall to my sense of *Fidamira's* goodnesse, I should not defer a minute from the making thee admire her. She hath made me happier then I did hope. I am resolv'd, *Agenor*, and I have already so disposed my father, as I beleve the second

time will carry his consent: come *Agenor*, let's not lose a minute.

Agenor. Stay I beseech you Sir a while, that I may be acquainted with your will, and so know how to argue for you.

Basilino. Come away *Agenor*, I'll tell you as I go, The King may intend to imploy your credit with me to dissuade me, but I'll convince you by the way. I shall but reel along, between my shaking feare and shaking trust of *Fidamira*.

The King, Oforio, Timante.

Leave us all! How much allay have all Princes treasures in them? even those that they are ordained to coyn themselves for blessings, their children, even these rich Images do sometimes prove burdens, not treasures to them: I am in this distresse. The name of King which doth exalt the blessings of a Father is only that which doth forbid me the indulgence of a common parent. Were he intirely mine I could let my judgment fall into a complacency of this his wish: but as I am but as it were his guardian to account to all my Kingdom for him, I must not consent to expose this State to such a hazard as his absence, when I stand as it were propt up by him. I am resolved to offer him rather to quit the thought of the Princeesse of *Navarre*, and to give him my consent to marry *Fidamira*, whom they say he loves with a passion able to controule his reason, much more his follies,

Basilino, Agenor.

King. I have, my *Basilino*, been so affected with thy wishes, as when by the enquiring of my collected thoughts I could find no reason to approve of thy intended separation from us, I did addict them all to search for an excuse of the indulgency of my consent. And thou art so unhappy in thy birth as I have multitudes to satisfy, on whom wisdom it selfe can seldome have its operation; much

much lesse a naturall tendernesse can move against it. In what a strange distresse am I, whom reason doth appoint to displease him in this world I love the best, for others satisfaction, for my own interests, which are such as I cannot repeale, without reproaching *Basilino* of unnaturallnesse, in preferring of his fancies so before them, I will by silence give him leave to passe by, and remit them all into his power as a Suiter, not a Judge, and for my part do make him King of this his wish by my consent.

Basilino. Oh Sir,

King. Hold *Basilino*, I made you thus a King, that you might have somewhat to give worthy a Father's asking, and that the deposition of this your wish might be by your gift to me, not my refusall of it. And now I do conjure you, *Basilino*, by the power of a King, that hath deposed himself, rather to pray than to command, to change this your desire of leaving us, into any other you can think of, and stay here; and by the gods we wish may move you; with us, the agreement to it shall be esteem'd a blessing to us.

Basil. O that the angry gods would pittie me so much, that I might now obey you in a fatall silence. It is not a feather'd fancy that carrieth me to fly above my will, but a weighty misfortune that bears me down before you, to demand ease for my oppression, which I must have some time and distance to discharge my self of. Nor hath my curse been so defective in any circumstance, as to distract me quite, and so free me from the sense of all your interests; but it seems to admit an unsensiblenesse of all my own, to keep me wholly from the survey of you, whose contradiction of my case is the refinedst torment. But I could provide, by engagement to you, Sir, against any important prejudice my absence may but threaten; if I might hope as well to lighten that weight, I should else think too heavy to strive under. I could acquaint your Majesty with my arrivall, and my residence in every severall

severall place, and by my promise to return upon any summons, should import but even your feare, secure you from any prejudice of my distance, which I would condition should not be out of the limits of *France* or *Spain*. Now, *Sir*, have pittie of one whom you have rob'd of praise, by making him a King against his will; and this submission of my self unto your will, think a sacrifice worthy of a father and a King to value. And for your large offer, *Sir*, I am so reduced, I had but this one to ask of you, the which to ease you, I am content to deny my self.

Exit the Prince, sadly. Agenor stays.

King. O *Agenor*, Is not *Basilino* unjust to add unto my sorrowes, by his sharing with me in them? Into what a parallel of misery are we both come, by thus our meeting one another?

Agen. In this agreement, *Sir*, where your misfortunes meet and not your wishes, a subject may interpose himself and break off the accord. I do not see *Sir*, how the hazard of the Princes desires equall's that of yours; you endanger *Sir*, the losse of your own wish in the possessing it, for you shall rather keep a Prisoner then a Son; and by his Liberty, on those conditions he hath proposed, you shall be more secured than by his Residence: your people by the fame of Him from all neighbouring nations shall think he is a Prince of them too, and therefore feare you more. My opinion is you consent to his first choice, upon those tearmes he desires to take it.

King. There is, *Agenor*, such a darknesse spread over *Basilino* as ore-casts my reason, and cleares up his to me; Me-thinks I see this his obedience set too heavy on him, as it oppresseth me, for whom he offers to sink under it. No, *Basilino*, thou shalt not thus acquit thy selfe of all those obligations, I can challenge as a Father and a King, by this out-suffering all the benefite that ever those names can e're conferre.

Enter

The Shepherds Paradise.

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Enter Basilino.

King. Throw off, my *Basilino*, the supposition of those clouds which hang upon Thee, thou art deceiv'd if thou believest thy looks are dark, or over-cast. The bright obedience of thy soul, shines through them, and hath dissolv'd those clouds that shaddowed me into these drops; which fall but now like Sun-shine showres in signe of faire weather: therefore now upon this condition of thy so full obedience, I may venture, *Basilino*, to command thee any thing, and I will keep thee in the exercise of this thy virtue; therefore I command thee now to enjoy thy first choice, thy intended travell upon what conditions thy owne discretion shall make when thou art gon, and not before; It were a sinne not to reward thy duty with full Liberty, rather then engage it, and in all that's left to me to expresse a trust of thee I shall, which is in this, not to enquire the cause of this thy resolution; but believe it is fitter for thee to act, then me to aske. I have onely this to demand of thee, that thou would'st not make me so impoverish'd by this grant, that I have nothing else to give to *Basilino*. Accept of my first offer added to thy choice, and leave me some request even as a benefit to engage thee by my performance of it to thee like observance of my latest will, which I shall wish no other prosecution of, by *Basilino*, than that the world shall find me of his imparted wishes in his absence.

Basilino. I must again in this remov'd extreame wish for silence to comprise an answer which no words can carry. You have been, Sir, so exact in this your blessing, as you have put it into a name that doth improve it, my obedience. You are, Sir, now so enrich'd in this your liberality, as I can ask you now a blessing almost equall to your first, the protection of the heavenly *Fidamira*. In which I dare boast some retribution of your benefits, having in her given you a subject for the exercise of all the worth & vertue that even you are King of. Then, Sir, your leave to part immediatly with *Agenor* only, that this
you r

your gracious gift may be extraordinary in every point. That the grant and the receipt may be together and I the sooner may begin to praise the divinity of this your goodesse.

King. Stay and take these blessings with thee. If it be fame hath prest thee by giving thee in hand already a share of publick honor, may thy succesfull daring carry thee soon to such a height of true renown, as thou mayst quickly be so much above the praise of personal activeness, as even honor it self may soon restrain thee to command. And may that send thee home to this I keep but for thee. If it be Love's attractiveness that drives thee from us, maist thou obtain unknown, without the help of any title shoven which mayst thou give her in reward, not condition. What e're it be that parts us *Basilino*, let it be thine own successe, and not my distresse, that may bring us soon to meet. For *Fidamaria*; you shall not be able to go so far, nor so conceal'd, but my strange care of her shall be told you as the wonder of the time.

Basilino. The consciousness of my selfe of being your son is an advantage I am scrupulous of in my undertaking, and I shall not so distrust my selfe, as to seeke more by my professing it. It is a title Sir I will leave here, and you shall not heare you have a son abroad but by my obedience to any of your Summons, upon which I kisse your royall hands.

King. I must look off this parting. With all my blood Fare well. *Agenor*, I look to hear from you of *Basilino*, what's unfit from him.

Agenor. Best of Kings and fathers, remaine in peace, till the loud glories of your son, repay you these in tears of joy.

Exeunt Prince and Agenor.

King. Do any of you know where *Fidamira* lives?

Timante. I do, Sir.

King

The Shepherd's Paradise.

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King. Go then presently, and take some of the guard with you, and bring her hither with all honor, and no show of violence.

Timante. I shall, Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Fidamira.

Fidamira. 'Tis strange this sudden resolution of the Prince! Sure this is that he told me I should hear of, when he went away:

Enter Agenor.

Agenor. The life of man protracted to a miracle were yet too short to tell the wonder of thy faith, much more that instant is but left me now for admiration of it. The Prince is instantly resolv'd to leave his fathers Kingdome, and hath obtain'd his leave. And hath chosen me the only partner of his thoughts, and his companion in his meane disguise. So as heaven finding thy vertue such as it might easily draw into a miracle, resolved to raise it more eminence by this farther tryall. And I for this their end am punished with love, and trust of *Basilino*.

The time we had resolv'd for consummation of our wishes we must now differr till our return. Sure *Fidamira* thou hast refin'd thy selfe so neere Divinity, thou art above the being enjoy'd by sense. And it were insolence in me to hope for such a temptation in this absence, as you have mett with, but even the love of Queens is not so impossible as my embracing it. The Prince's parting doth depend on nothing now but my returne. Which he is almost as impatient of, as I of staying here; which is a blessing I re-pine so much to leave, as I have need of 't.

Fidamira. It is a strange resolve, *Agenor*: there is a transcendency in that young man above the fate of Princes, and could any action endear *Agenor* to me, it should be *Basilino's* trust. For the differring of our wishes, the occasion is so strange, it doth import the will of heaven.
And

And for the tryall of my faith it is too easie, and assured a thing for heaven to intend; if heaven meaneth a miracle in mine, it must by it's intirenesse after the breach of yours which to me would seem such a miracle, I should not wonder though my own should be preserved for my affliction.

But this sad Digression hath no reason for it, but the distracted sense of your departure. Go then, *Agenor*, and serve that glorious Prince with such successfull faith, as he may think, at your returne, not knowing of our loves by the opinion of thy faith, that nature meant our faith's only to match one another, and for improvement of our joyes, he may have his share in the bestowing them; stay not for any thing but for a confirmation of my wish.

Agenor. How opportune a blessing is this last command of *Fidamira's*? by which she doth appropriate my faith so foldly to her selfe as she applies my duty to the Prince as meritorious unto her, I can now serve the Prince with such a rare uninterested faith, it shall not wish for recompence, having already more reward then he can give the will of *Fidamira*. Which the Gods keep for a reward of all his glorious deeds at his returne, in giving him but even as much to give to *Fidamira* as his consent unto her will. Which as the consummation of his glories, and our joyes, I must expect. And now by loosing of your hands, let fall this partition which they yet hold up. And in this darknesse pray our hearts may not lye long under the whole weight of love they now must beare, but that our joyes may be restored to ease them.

Fidamira. Mine shall turn inward all their light upon my thoughts, which shall be polished as they shall still answer one another with the reflex of my *Agenor's* Image.

Agenor. Move *Fidamira* now, and let's with equall steps fall thus from one another, while this earth we tread by interposing of it's selfe between thy light and me, shall shaddow out this dark Eclipse.

Exeunt.

Enter Basilio in his disguise.
Basilio. It is no inquiry to *Fidamira* to leave her where I have put off my selfe. I find a yeelding in my genius to the curiosity of passing by the Shepheard's Paradise, to which peacefull harbor I have heard of such a strange repair of wrack't and hop-lesse fortunes, as the distresse hath proved a blessing.

Enter Agenor.
Basilio. Here comes *Agenor* not yet fitted for our journey. Have you taken your leave of my Sister, *Agenor*? did she not cry she is fond of you.

Agenor. She is pleased with me Sir as the object of your goodnesse.

Basilio. I'll advise with him. You come, *Agenor*, opportunely in view in a cause concerns you too. Whether we may take fully this opportunity to see the Shepheard's Paradise as we passe forwards to Navarr. I can have admision by a blank of my fathers with a warrante for it; and the time of the election of the Queen, which is every yeare the first of May, is now within three dayes. What sayes *Agenor*?

Agenor. I do beleeve it, Sir, a curiosity worthy of an enterprurpose. Therefore not to be omitted, lying in the way of our designs, which cannot be better begun than by the information of your selfe in such a variety, as all foreign nations do admire, as it were a heavenly Institution that extends it selfe to all strangers, whose births are such, as may be worthy fortunes prosecution, and the distresse seeme so desperate as it may bring honor to the remedy. And this may prove, Sir, your nearest way unto your journeyes end, the forgetting *Fidamira*. For, sure Sir, beauty is soonest worn out of our memories by the imposition of new weight upon it, and so the last presseth away the former. And fame tells such wonders of this place, as sure it is rather a religious fear than your fathers guard, secures their

their solitude from the invasion of nations on the pretence of adoration. And it may be Sir, the gods will not indebted you for so much as the composition of your broken mind, to any nation but your own.

Basilino. It must be Atheism in love, not change of my Religion; it must be that beleefe which I resolve that Beauty is but an Idea, not to be enjoyed but by imagination; and by this Atheism must I be saved, *Agenor.*

Agenor. Ther's nothing, sure Sir, so impossible to be enjoyed as your enjoying this opinion long, unlesse you could refine your selfe into an Idea abstracted from your flesh. You must not only lose your memory, but all your senses, to retain this new opinion. Can you think, Sir, beauty was never enjoy'd?

Basilino. Never, *Agenor.* There is no Lover's soveraign-fancy that will not confesse that Beauty is so set up, as 'tis even above his highest thoughts and to endear his thoughts alleadgeth an impossibility of thinking height enough. Can our sense then, *Agenor*, get up such a pitch, where even our fancy flatts into an excuse?

Agenor. These are but Love's raptures, that sometimes carry beauty above sense. In any kind it were injustice to require of our senses the carrying of us above ground, when they were not ordained to flie. Their motion is towards fixt-materiall-objects, which they can reach, and are not bound to comprehend Lover's descriptions, that enlarge beauty into a spaciousnesse, where it loseth it selfe, because it cannot be compassed. Take this rule Sir, Sense is not bound to follow any thing out of sight, and within those bounds it can enjoy all it meets.

Basilino. Well *Agenor*, we shall have leisure to discourse of this, as we go: let's set forward then towards the Shepherds Paradise. We must change our names. Ile call my selfe *Moramante.*

Agenor. And I'll change my name into *Genorio*: we must make haste Sir, the journeys equall the days we have left for them.

King,

King, Oforio, Timante?

King. Are the lodgings prepared as I commanded?

Timante. They are Sir, you are obeyed in all things.

King. When *Fidamira* comes, bring her in; forbear till then. I must do her some honor may be so suddain, so strange, as may o're take *Basilino* before he can get out of our kingdom.

*Fidamira all in black, led by Oforio and Timante.
the King looks amazably on her at the first.*

King. I thought I might be tempted to owne some power to oblige such a creature, on whom nature seems to glory to have bestowed all hers. Yet I will not be so unjust to the departed *Basilino*, as to appropriate any thing I am to deliver to you. For in his Will he hath left you all that I can give you. Neither could I have beleaved, it could have been so difficult the being Executor to a Prince. For I finde more due to you than he could bequeath, or I dispose unto you. Therefore be pleased, fair Maide, to ease me so much, as to name your wishes; since you have reduced a King to the beleefe of having nothing worthy of you, and therefore dares not chuse for you.

Fidamira. If the departed Prince Sir, have in his Will bequeathed any thing to pious uses, to purchase prayers for his successe, and faire return, your Majesty will prove an improvident dispenser of them in the choice of me, whose devotion is allready kindled in so pure a flame as interest would dimm it, and not nourish. And even my wishes, Sir, are all so cleare from a y stain, of selfe advantage, as they are such as your Majesty cannot possesse me of.

King. I will acknowledg, *Fidamira*, my impotency as a King in the disposing any thing so worthy; and yet beg the knowledg of thy will in a more powerfull name, a servant unto *Fidamira*. And by the vertue of that name beleve my selfe inforced to a captivity of any thing that she shall wish.

G

Fidamira.

Fidamira. You have allready Sir furnisht me with an unlook't for wish, the expiation of the guilt your proclamation of your selfe hath cast upon me.

I had another Sir so innocent, as it was fit for you to joyne, though you could not grant, the Prince his soon returne, so crown'd with his desires, as he may think he brings more joy with him, then even your crown can promise him. And this is Sir, my only wish. And it is so propitious to me, as it makes your Majesty all the returne I can e're hope, for those your offered benefits, the wishing of you all increase of joyes and glories.

King. Do not wonder *Fidamira* at the title I took on me. I spake to you in *Basilino's* name, and it was not unproper, in the performance of his will to use his name. And I am afraid, I shall too truly rake upon me. The wish which you have chosen, hath so indebted me unto you, as I must speak something now in my own name, and retract the promise I had made to *Basilino*, to possesse my self of all my power, which I think yet too little to tempt thy modesty to the choice of any thing it doth containe. But do not *Fidamira* in duty to your King, reduce him to repine at his condition, in having nothing to present you with, but wishes back again.

Fidamira. In all humility and reverence to your power Sir, I thus fall down to beg of you, and that which only as a King you can bestow, Liberty. Which I have chosen as the greatest blessing Kings are trusted with, to satisfie your Majesty in the obligation you desire to marke me with. And I trust so much to your goodnesse, as I think I need not bring the gods to plead for my dismissal, whose cause hath furnished me with this sute unto your Majesty; the performance of some vowes, which will require privacy to perfect: and thus your Majesty shall set me at Liberty, that am yet in bonds unto my vowes.

King. You have made so strange a choice, *Fidamira*, as the unwilling giving it endears the giste, and that which

which doth perswade me most unto this grant, is, that you shall take from me that, which is dearer to me than all you leave me, your company; and while you do avoid the merit of my actions, you cannot disappoint my sufferings of some desert unto you.

Therefore you shall chuse what place agrees best with your intent. If you will accept this Pallace, I'll leave it to you, and your privacy shall be secured to you by a guard, that shall not come so neere you, as to let you know you have a house. Chuse what Temple you like best, and the entrance shall be denied to any other, that no impure breath may mixe with yours. But *Fidamira*, these your devotions perfected, I shall expect you do accept our Court for Sanctuary to that Saint-like innocence shines about you. It were impiety to let you live in the crowd of common persons and your owne piety will enjoyne you to allow my daughter your companion, as a pattern for virtuous youth.

Fidamira. It would be to me Sir, a retreat out of my selfe, to be any where but in my father's house. Whither I beseech you Sir, I may have leave to return, and remaine some few dayes; after which, I shall obey your Majesty, with that devotion which is due to those, whose Image you are; believing Sir, you will command nothing, but what shall be meritorious to obey you in.

King. You shall be *Fidamira* reconducted to your fathers house, and there remain undisturbed, till your own pleasure gives me admission to you.

Who waites without?

Enter Otorio, Timante.

Carry back again *Fidamira* to her father's house.

Timante. How hath this face displeas'd the King, that was resolv'd, before he saw her, to lodge her in the Pallace with such prepared honour, as raised all the Court in to a wonder of the cause? Me-thinks, I find now more then e're I could have guess't.

Exeunt.

All

Exeunt all but the King.
King. O what a mock was this, to aske me liberty while she was captivating me? I had not so much power left, as to keep her here, when she would go. She is so much already Mistresse of my will, as she disposeth of it even against it selfe. Whither shall I repaire for Liberty, that am besieged by my owne guard these traiterous eyes? I must condemne them to perpetuall darknesse, or they'll berray me to such a light, as will darken all my other senses, even by the inflammation of them. Will Love be content with no lesse Trophy, than the inversion even of Nature, turning the branches down into the ground, and make the rootes to bud and blossome in the aire? Must Love needs have a garland of such prodigious flowers? Now *Rasellino* I find, thou hast left me somewhat to do for thee, worthy of a King to brag of, the wrestling with these passions for thy sake, which else I shall embrace, and let into my heart, as an enlargement of it, and my life.

But I will so allay this heat,
 By taking Thee into its seate.
 As it still shall be withstood,
 As if I liv'd but by thy blood.

Act the Second.

Pantamora, Camena, Mellito, Martiro, Votorio,

Genorio, Bel-eza, and all the Shepherdes.

Bel-eza chosen Queen.

Pantamora delivering the Crown to Votorio.

Pant.
AND I into your hands resigne,
The Sphere wherein our Majesty doth shine.
Which mov'd and Govern'd by a heavenly force,
Thus every yeare doth terminate its course.

Votor.
The gods, Bel-eza, by the voyces of your sisters
have chose you Queen, and you must now take your
Throne, with this Oath I am to give you, for the faire
observance of all those conditions you are trusted with
this Crown upon. Which are the faithfull executions of
the Lawes, we live under and reigne over.

Read the Oath.

Bel.
Give me leave, fair Sisters, while I am yet my
selfe, before I do become your Creature, and so more
oblig'd to wonder at your goodness, to renounce all
merit to this honour; unlesse the being surpris'd by it
may passe for any, which if my person do not prove
enough, my foreigne birth will certifie much more.
Which as it will advance me towards your particular ci-
vilities, must needs remove me from the pretension of this
eminence amongst you.

Therefore your former favours can onely give a rea-
son for this excuse, that to recover the desperate debt I
owe you all, you have resolv'd to lend me more, so to
enable me to make a retribution may comprise them all,
and for this end I may avow a joy in this your choice;

which I shall study so to justifie your judgements in, by the complying both with the obligation of your debtor, and your Queen, as when I shall resigne that, I shall have purchas'd one I shall esteem as much, a creditour to you all.

Cam. We too *Bellefa* are deputed in the name of all, to assist the ceremony of your Oath, and the publication of the Lawes.

Vos. Proceed *Bellefa* to the reading of the Oath.

Bel. By beauty, Innocence, and all that's faire,
I *Bellefa* as a Queen do sweare,
To keep the honour, and the regall due,
Without exacting any thing that's new.
And to assume no more to me than must
Give me the meanes, and power to be just.
And but for charity and mercies cause,
Reserve no power to suspend the Lawes.
This I do vow, even as I hope to rise,
From this, into another Paradise.

Vos. When your Highnesse hath possessed your Throne, I must begin to read the Lawes.

Bellefa ascends the Throne, and *Votario* reads.

That the Queen is to be elected the first of May, every year, by the plurality of the Sisters voyces; from which election the Brothers are excluded.

That the Queen must be aged under thirty, and beauty to be most regarded in the election.

That both the Brothers and Sisters must vow chastity and single life, while they remaine of the Order; and the breach of this Law is to be punished with death.

That every year at the election of this Queen, what Brothers or Sisters shall desire to retire out of the Order, upon designe of Marriage; shall then upon their demand be licensed, and at no other time.

That

That the Queen shall admit of none into the Order but one every yeare by grace, the rest upon publication of their pretence; which must be, either a vow of chastity, which is not ever to be dispenced with; or the verification of some misfortune, worthy the charity of this honourable Sanctuary, which all the Sisters and Brothers are to be Judges of.

That there is no propriety of any thing among the Society, but a community of all which the world calls riches and possessions.

That detraction from the honour of a Sister, without proof, is to be punished with the penalty enacted for that fault.

That no brother or sister shall ever go out of the limits of the Kingdome, but by a finall dismission.

That no such shall ever be received againe upon any pretence.

That strangers shall be admitted onely by the grace of the Queen, or by particullar warrant from the King. And upon no condition stay above three dayes.

Vot. These be the lawes your Majesty is sworne to protect. And now, I in the name of all the blessed Society bow in obedience to you.

Cam. We in the name of all the Sisters, salute you Queen, and beg to leave the seal of all our duties in your Royall hands.

They kisse her hands.

Vot. Now Madam, after an hour's rest, the Order requires your Majesty to repaire to the Temple, there to perfect all the Ceremony.

Bel. I can have no such rest, *Votario*, as on my knees before the Gods; for I have yet a greater blessing to implore of them then this they have bestowed; their propitioussnesse towards my discharge of what they have impos'd upon me.

Princes *Votorio* have no lesse,
To pay the Gods, than to possesse.

What are those strangers ?

Vor. They are admitted Madam, by speciall warrant
from the King.

*Exeunt, All but Moramente and Genorio,
Moramente pulls Votorio back.*

Mor. If you have leisure to allow us so welcome a
civility, as to satisfie a Stranger's curiosity, you may
oblige us in acquainting us, what the Queen said of
us.

Vor. My profession, and your habit Sir, enjoynes me
both to this: and after I have satisfied you in this demand,
to offer you my service, in easing you of any curiosity,
this place hath put upon you.

The Queen desired to know onely who you were,
and how admitted, which I gave her an account of, as
far as my knowledge led me.

Which was no farther then your admission by the
Kings Letters.

Mor. The limitation Sir, which is upon the stay of
strangers here, where curiosity is fed so much fuller then
it can swallow, much lesse digest, might excuse an im-
portunate detention of any one but you Sir, whose habit
renders you so necessary to the residents, as it were a sa-
crilege to rob them of your time.

Vor. At it is a pious work, the distribution of hospi-
table civility, I am the properest you could have met Sir,
to pay the ingenuitie of your curiosity with the
knowledge of any thing you can aske here.

Moramente. Since this civility may be meritorious to
you sir, I shall the willinger put you to the exercise of it
And first I would gladly know the antiquity of this in-
stituted regality, with the occasion of it, and the rest of
the

the particulars of this place which my Ignorance cannot furnish me with questions for.

Votario. The ingenuousness of this institution is such, as we may joy we owe it not unto antiquity. It derives it self no higher then this King's grandfathers time, who had a daughter called *Sabina*, a Lady of that strange beauty and perfections, as this, was but one of the miracles she left us to admire her by. The virtue of her resolution takes off much from the wonder of her witt. Which seemes to have remain'd imperious and not flexible to her distresse. She was sought by two Princes, The Dolphin of France, and the Prince of Navarr: whose passions seem'd so equal, as the most powerfull could not beare a deniall, and the weaker found himselfe so arm'd by his passion as he despised the anger, which the power of France had vow'd against him, if he were preferr'd. *Sabina's* inclination to Navarr drew down the power of mighty France, up on this Prince of Vallance. But the hope of fair *Sabina* which he seem'd to think himselfe a gainer by, after the losse of most of his country. Then *Sabina*, whom it seemes the love of virtue only had made partiall to Navarr, found the way to exalt her virtue more, then by persisting against difficulties which seem'd to take off from the glory of it, by the abatement it procur'd where it intended an advantage. And so fearing lest his sufferings might raise his virtues to such an estimation, as he might be thought to have deserved her, and so the matching of herselfe might lessen her, resolved to take the glory wholly with the sufferings to her selfe. And so sent to the victorious Dolphin (that had already made himselfe Prince of Navarr, and bragg'd that with that title he would win *Sabina*) her promise, that upon condition of his restoring Navarr unto the Prince, and swearing future peace, she would never marry the Prince of Navarr. The Dolphin whose successe had nourished his love with hope: even in *Sabina's* direct denialls, swallowed this as an assurance of

of his wish, without examining the words, believing his own flattering omen more security then even *Sabina's* promise. He accepted the conditions, and presently restored all his conquests though the Prince refused the treaty, and the future peace. Yet he instantly performed all that *Sabina* asked, who now resolved to publish the performance of her vow. 'Twas sure the gods that did infuse these thoughts, for a reward of so supreme goodnesse, and made the monument of her admiration a Sanctuary for distressed virtue, so to convey to future times a blessing with the memory of her. She begg'd of her father leave to make a vow of chastity and desired a propriety of this place as her dowre; which nature seemes to have made of such unmatched delightfullnesse, as if she had meant to brag, that she made a stage on earth worthy of *Sabina's* acting on this her divinest part.

Hither then by the consent of her indulgent father, *Sabina* came, attended by many Nobles of both sexes, whom love to *Sabina*, or admiration of the action brought with her. Of which she made this Order. And authorised by her father, erected this regall government, and enacted all the lawes you have heard read; which have been so inviolably kept, as a punishment here would seeme a wonder. She enjoyed the regality during her life, and then left the propriety of all unto the Queen. Who is eligible as you have heard. The peace and settlednesse of this place is secured by natures inclosure of it on all sides by impregnablenesse, as if it were only for chastity to make a plantation here. At one passage only, the rocks seeme to open a way of themselves, so as to let in the Kings care in a Garison. Which he maintains for safety of the place, which delivers all strangers to us as tutors, not invaders. Thus Sir I have inform'd you of the institution of the order of the Shepherd's, which is called by the Foundresse, *The Shepherds Paradise* As being a peacefull receptacle of distressed minds, and a Sanctuary against fortune's

ten's severest executions. Now Sir, I must needs tell you the generous end of the Prince of Navarr, that you may see, there was nothing necessary to this heavenly Institution that had not such a transcendent newnesse of bravery as they seeme made for such a divine novelty. The Prince as it seems hating the earth, whose safety had occasioned the losse of *Sabina*, In scorn of it forsook it, and came hither in a disguise.

And was admitted into the Order, where he lived conceal'd, and dying without making himselfe known unto *Sabina*; but at his death, left such a notorious memory as all ages shall study to display, and put it to the royallest ornaments can be due to Princes. The Queen ordain'd a particular ceremony to be performed every yeare at his Tomb, which is justly observed.

Moramente. This is so heavenly a tradition, as it becomes best our delivery. This order seemes a match betweene love, and honor, and chastity, which you are happy sir in being the Priest to. But give me leave to wonder, why the brothers are excluded out of the election, which is to be guided most by beauty, of which sure they be the best Judges.

Voto-i. The reason Sir, that I have heard was then given by the Foundresse, That it had been to have made them Judges in their own causes. Since there is none but hath a particular interest that doth prepossesse his choyce. Whereas all women are rather Inquisitors, then admirers of one another. And being voyd of passion, no freindship can incline them to yeeld priority in beauty. And so 'twas thought most probable, that where most of them agreed to yeeld, the advantage must be unquestionable.

Moramente. The wisdom, Sir, of the Foundresse was such, as it carries away our admirations, even with this our prejudice. I have one more satisfaction to desire of you, which the omission of, I do beleeeve, in your opinion might render me unworthy of these I do already owe,

the

the knowledge of your new Queenes condition, and the time of her admission, with her pretence.

Votario. 'Tis not above a yeare since she was received so, that, had she not had such a transcendent beauty, as might have endured the abatement of the enyy, which so suddenlye an election might have taken from her, and even after that deduction have remained incomparable, sure she had not been chosen Queen. It was thought *Pantamora* the precedent Queen would have been selected. She is by birth a stranger, of some part of France. And brought with her marks of noble birth. Her pretention was an intention of her father to dispose of her to a person of great wealth and quality, who then loved another so passionately, as the contestation with his father about his consent was so lowd, as the voyce of it came to the ladies eares. Who moved, as she said then, with the true honor of her sex, resolved rather out of due to her perfections then pride of them, not to expose them to such an undervaluation, as the dispute of being enjoyed. Therefore left she her fathers house and repaired to this Sanctuary for protection of her beauty, which was in danger of profanation. This was received of all as an acceptable plea for her admission, as a triumph that beauty had got by flying. She hath lived here ever since with so winning a modesty, as it hath so reconciled the plurality of the sisters to the strangenesse of her birth and beauty as her choice may be ascribed to an inspiration from above, rather then her aspiring thither.

Moramente. You may well ascribe it to the gods sir, the merit seemes to be so well proportioned to the reward and the sex is happy to have such an acquaintance for the debt they owe to the Lady, as a Crown. We never met a greater tentation to uncivill detention, then the pleasantness of your conversation. Therefore wonder not if we cannot retire from you; we have two dayes yet to stay, & we shall waite upon you before our retreates from hence.

Votario

Votorio. There's nothing Sir, but my publique duty could call me away from my attendance on you. It is a part of my duty the entertainment of strangers, so to secure the privacy of the society.

Moramente. I perceive the Institution hath so provided for the Societie's selfe possessing, it hath not left so much as an omission to employ them in the redressing of. We shall not faile to addresse our selves to you to receive as much comfort at our departure, as the sorrow will admitt of, which will be, Your blessing.

Votorio. Sir, I must leave that now with you.

Exit Votorio.

Moramente. What say you *Genorio*, are you not indebted to this digression of my curiosity?

Genor. Take not upon you the digression sir, It was some infusion from above. But doth your curiosity carry you farther yet? doth not this place promise you the diversion you seek, from thinking on *Fidamira*? Here you may have choice, either the remedy I prescribed; or that which you intended, the admission of new beauty to displace that, or you may harden your self by the neglect of this into such a habit of insensibleness, as you may be of proof against all temptation.

Moramente. Had not my vow *Genorio* a much nobler ayme then my own, I might consent to let it fall here, and break even to humor thee, so little I esteeme my self. But I have pointed it at the expiation of a guilt, that doth so darken me, as the neglect of beauty might now seeme a curse of blindness on me. But when I have cleared my selfe of that, then *Genorio* I will returne, even thither if thou wilt, with opened eyes, to let thee see my quarrell to my selfe is greater then love can reconcile, in living so unmoved with beauty, as *Fidamira's* sute to me shall not unsettle me.

Gen. I can imagine no quarrell you can have to your selfe but one, which this your resolution of unsensibleness

of

of beauty must compose, the misfortune of the Princeſſe of Navarre, whoſe repaire you cannot render ſo much void of ſenſe of beauty.

Mor. 'Tis that, *Genorio*, which muſt value this my penance, the prostitution to her onely for pardon, not reward. I will ſeek her to adde one glory more to her, the forgiving me, and when I have but ſeen her, leave there my guilt, and take in place of it, the puniſhment of never ſeeing of her more. Me-thinks, *Genorio*, had I but once payed my devotion to her hands, I ſhould then reſt abſolved in peace.

Gen. Look Sir, how we are bleſt; the Queen comes this way, and the Prieſt leading Her. Let's ſtand by.

Enter the Queen and Shepherdeſſe going towards the Temple.

Vot. Madam, theſe ſtrangers curioſity aſſure me, they would be diſpleaſed to leave any priviledge uninjoyed. If your Maſteſty ſhall pleaſe to give the honour of your hand to their welcome.

Queen. What Country men are they?

Vot. Caſtilians, Madam.

Moramente and Genorio, kiſſe the Queenes hand.

Queen. This place is civill onely in making all ſtrangers, of what ever Nation, that are not reſidents; and for that, that there are none that are not ſo to virtue and to honour.

Exeunt, Queen and Shepherdeſſes.

Gen. I am not yet ſo faſt but I can fly,

And onely to preſerve my Faith and liberty.

While I intended to keep the Prince here, as neerer *Fidamra*, I find my ſelfe removed from her; come Sir I'll jeſt no more, we have ſeen all: ſhall we go on in perſute of our deſigne.

Mor. O what inchantment's this? Me-thinks I find my ſelfe fix't here, and yet the virtue of this touch quickens,

quicken, and moves my senses so; as it implies divinity rather than Magick. Me-thinks I find the hand that holds me, as it presseth, print Characters upon me, such as my haste reads, and satisfies for this detention.

Gen. In what contemplation are you Sir? will you set forward Sir, towards your lodgings, to prepare you for your journey?

Mor. I was thinking how ridiculous a thing *Genorio*, your proposition of staying here was, since if we would the Order admits it not.

Gen. It were some losse of time in your designe, but not impossible to do.

Mor. How might we conceale, or disguise our selves, if we meant it?

Gen. The meanes were not so unfit as the resolution, for the way must be noble; by a direct profession of some misfortune, and so be received into the Order, which the disguising of your selfe at any time would dispencc with you; but Sir, let's go, it growes late.

Mor. We cannot go before we be dismiss'd by the Priest, who is now assisting at the publick service; we must stay till the Queene's returne from the Temple, and so take our leaves.

Gen. That hand with one touch more, would plant me here, I do not like this backwardnesse; Sir, sure the Princess of Navarre is not here. I am glad to find the burthen of your guilt so light, as you do choose rather to stand still under it, then move towards your discharge of it.

Mor. I am so willing to be punished for her sake, *Genorio*, as I take kindly this reproach; and as you are her soliciter, to be my guide towards her: tell me where you think the likeliest place to find her, for in Navarre we may believe she is not so long conceal'd from her Father.

*As they are going out, they meet the Queen's
company coming from the Temple.*

Gen. You must now needs stay while the Queen be
past.

Queen. I understand you are *Castilians*, gentlemen:
Come you lately from the Court?

Mor. We came directly from thence Madam, and
made such hast to be here at the ceremony of the Election,
as it is not three dayes since we left the King.

Queen. How does the King and Prince? have any of
you had such access to the Prince, as to be able to inform
us of his Person and Humour?

Gen. The honour I have Madam of being his Dome-
stick allowes me to think my selfe a fitter reporter of Him,
than this Gentleman. For his person Madam, Nature
hath thrown away so many perfections on it, so that his
birth needs not to make him Lovely. For the composition
of his mind; it seemes to have injured him by his birth,
that exposeth him to so much probability of flattery;
the trath of his virtues being such as Parasites deceive
themselves in the exaltation of them.

In my opinion Madam, he hath all that youth can
brag off, with all that age can reproach youth with the
want of.

Queen. I have heard the Prince much valued by all
relations, and of so strange a passion of his, for a Lady of
his Court; as though all other advantages being ascri-
bed to him, he intended this onely, the loving her more
then all the world.

Gen. 'Tis true Madam, He hath long loved a Lady,
called *Fidamira*, who is such a subject for a noble pas-
sion, as it seemes no wonder; even the Prince's constancy
in insensiblenesse, and the onely strangeness is, that she is
not moved toward him by his virtues, not that he moves
not from Her by neglects.

Queen.

Queen. You give her beauty a great power, that can dispenſe with ſher diſcretion, and the obligation to her Prince. Did you ever ſee her, ſir? I ſee your friend is partiall to her.

Moramente. I have Madam, and may allow her all the beauty in the world left out of this ſociety.

Queen. We are not ſubject ſir, ſo eaſily to envie, as you ſhould have needed ſo ſoone to have qualified your friends prayſes of her: but pray ſir, doth the Prince perſiſt in this ſo meritorious conſtancy?

Generio. There was a rumor Madam when we came from Court, that the Prince to crown her virtue, and his wiſhes, had offered her marriage, which ſhe had excuſed the acceptation of, by a pre-ingagement of her faith. And that the generous Prince reſolving to vie with her for the braver fame, tooke this excuſe with the humility of a private ſervant. And reſolved to leave his father's Court; that at ſome diſtance from her, he might ſettle his reſolution of leaving her liberty, and taking his again.

Moramente. This we have heard Madam, but dare not affirme as true,

Queen. Fame of it ſelfe charged with the weightieſt things, is leight enough to be ſuſpected; But carrying love's quarrels it growes incredible for thoughts to reconcile them, and ſo the truth which Fame ſet out with, may be changed, before it can arive. If this were true, though it were hard to decide an advantageous glory in this caſe to either of them, yet I ſhould incline to recompence his ſufferings with ſome ods of honor, ſince he is to enjoy her wiſh, and he nothing but the virtue of performing hers. What ſay you; ladies!

Pantamora. As it is a ſtrange virtue Madam muſt preſerve faith ſo intire, when it may be ſet in a crown, as the loſſe of a corner would never be perceived: I confeſſe I wonder more at her, that might have had ſo large an evaſion for her faith as a Kingdome, than at him, whoſe

kingdome being not enough to purchase such a faith, was then content with patient admiration of her.

Camina. I beleve Madam, the Princes virtue hath resisted by farr the greater temptation: for her insensiblenesse might have justified his change, but even his constancy could not authorise hers. Faith must be set without a foile, so every blemish wil be visible. Should a Prince scratch, or deface a Jewell, while he kept it in his own hands, he might set what price he would upon it, but in the common estimation that would deprice it. So *Pidamira* must have lost of her true value though the Prince had rated her as high as ever. So that she seemes to have preserved her value, and the Prince to have for her sake undervalued himselfe. Wherefore I should repaire him by allowing him the greater share of glory.

Queen. Whensoever you see the Prince again, you may let him know, how his honor hath been noted here. And hath prevailed against the competition of our Sex.

Genorio. Give us leave Madam, to receive our dismissal by your royall hands, and to with the Prince had but once seen your Majesty. The desperatenesse of the ill, and the eminency of the afflicted, both concur to make the cure worthy of you.

Queen. I could wish Sir, he did enjoy the best part of me, which is the peace, and quiet of my minde.

Exeunt all but Moramente and Genorio

Genorio. My feare was quicker-sighted then my sense, that did propose to me at first the readiest safety that that passion knows, of flying from danger. Which I obeyed so fast, as nothing could have overtaken it, therefore my curle was forced to meet mee, so to bring me back; and now methinks, I am so fixed, I can but move against my feare, for having been so bold as to precede my love. Oh how I curse my feare for having disputed so
against

against the Prince's staying here. But since my soul is changed, I must disguise my selfe also to the Prince. Will you be pleased to go, Sir?

Moramente. How out of tune are these words *Genorio*?

Genorio. Have my eyes so soon infected my voyce with treachery, that it betrayes me to the Prince? I'll not the sense, and not the sound, is out of tune;

Moramente. No *Genorio*, but me-thoughts thy words were drag'd along with such a sound, as if they had gon to suffer for a fault.

Genorio. Alas Sir, what accent can fall low enough to reach the depth of your dejection; no tune, no words sad enough. The pittie that I owe you sir, that are not only going out of Paradise, but into such a Labyrinth, as 'tis uncertaine whether every step carry you backward, or forward towards your journies end; since we know no more where to find her we seeke, then she knowes we seek her.

Moramente. 'Tis true *Genorio*. But how might we unwind this maze of Pilgrimage; and make the way director to my vow?

Genorio. Alas Sir, it is a case of conscience, wherein I may better be a client, then a counsellor. I am now in suite for mine. Sure Sir, the heavens that have infused this tender scruple of your guilt, affect your innocence so much, as to inspire your heart with the directest meanes of expiation. For did they not intend you an unblemished purity, they would never have moved you with so precise a tendernesse, as even to me seemes superstition.

Moramente. 'Tis so just a zeal that carries me *Genorio* as the perplexity of the way to it, doth not distract my purpose. But heaven is so mercifull to my willingness as it presents me with some meanes of ease, and offers me a line to guide my straying motions, by which benefit I count received, because I do avoyd it, for *Genorio's* sake.

Genorio. Were it a discharge for you Sir, to have me

become as miserable, as this reservation of your selfe from me would make me, I should with silence accept the curse, But I beleeeve, it must be an assumption of more guilt unto you Sir, than yet you have, the suspicion of my forwardnesse, nay of my ability in easing you, in any way you can designe me to, where your opinion oynes with my endeavour. For nothing can seem so hard to me to act, as it is now to suffer this tenderesse of yours against your selfe, therefore Sir let me beg it as a grace, your disposing of me, as your opinion shall direct you for your ease.

Moramente. You may well beg this *Genorio*, for tis a sute will make you so much richer then I, that I can ne're discharge my selfe from an Indebtmnt to you. Therefore now *Geno* is be not so ambitious to persue your sute.

Genorio. What an amazing goodnesse is this of yours Sir? that knowing all the obedience the prostitution of this life could render you, is so much your due, as it could scarce chaleng prayse, would honor an easing you, which to omit were inipious, with the reward of obligation from you. You have set me so neer your selfe, you have forgot what I was. You know Sir, you have made me so happy, I must trust to others to believe I was ever miserable, Then give me leave to accuse you of forgetting me, when you would seem to bribe my blood to your obedience, with so immense a treasure as obliging you, that would be payed with your acceptance of its effusion of your ease. Therefore Sir, unlesse you mean this a torment to me, you must impact your thoughts.

Moramente. How exactly kind art thou *Geno* is? that wilt convince me by my love to thee, not to my selfe, interesting thy ease in this my opening of my thoughts; I was thinking of the difficulty of the way towards the directest end of this my journey, my devotion to the Princeesse of Navarr, and how thy information of thy life of her retiring, and the most probable place of her concealment

concealment might take off from me the laborious part of search, affording me the ease of staying here; till thou com'st back to guide me. This was my thought *Genorio* and would not such a debt pawns me beyond redemption to thee?

Genorio. I confesse Sir you have found a paine disputes the joy of easing you, which nothing, but the sense of leaving you, durst have attempted. And this beginning is hard, all that will follow, will seeme done, this difficulty past.

Moramente. Did not the perplexnesse of the enquiry leave the successe uncertaine, and assure the paines I might perswade away thy first objection, since I must share the halfe of the first paine, of leaving me.

Genorio. Could I leave you Sir, after that I could do any thing. Were she so strayed from mortalls, as destiny knew not where to find her, my Genius would direct me to bring newes of her.

Moramente. Alas *Genorio*, the fright of this our parting hath almost distracted thee. I will venter no farther on thy temper. Since we are both engaged in this wilde labyrinth, we will keep together; that so, though we find nothing, we may not lose one another.

Genorio. Stay Sir, heaven is so carefull of your ease, as it vouchsafes, methinks, even me an inspiration, that whispers to me, that your staying here, will be auspicious to you.

So that the Gods are pleased to recompence my losse with a provision of your happinesse. And now my leaving you, is become their direction, and the presage of it, is made a joy. Therefore now I do expect nothing but your instructions for my parting.

Moramente. The gods had need joyne with me *Genorio*, to recompence thy merits. I was resolved to stay here and professe my selfe of the Society, till you had found the way to this strayed Saint, then upon your returne my

profession of my selfe would dispense with the ingagements and I might, guided by you, the easlier performe my vow.

Genorio. I will go Sir, without expecting any merit from my diligence, besides this of my obedience: for my mind gives me that your resting here, not your remove, must settle your peace.

Moramente. Come *Genorio*, we will go together to the Priest, you for dismissal, I for entertainment.

Genorio. Ple leave you Sir with this presage, that I shall finde your Atheism converted into Idolatry at my return.

Moramente. Me-thinks I find my selfe neerer a change of torment then of ease.

Exeunt.

Enter Fidamira.

Fidamira. O where doth innocence reside! Is she all-ways in her journey here on earth? and lodgeth but in Court sometimes, and that which honor, glory, and ambition makes their journye's end, the Pallaces of Princes she takes but in her way, and passeth on. Is she so froward as not to love good company; Sure tis not that. But that she wants that pliable complacency that is required in the Society of Courts. She cannot consent to give herself away in complement. Sure if she be fixt any where on earth, tis in the shade of solitude, where the cleare soul by the reflex of speculation shewes fair Innocency her self. Where she inamored of her own beauty lives, and makes Selfe-love so meritorious, as'twere a sin to be delivered from it. Thither must I carry mine, while it is yet unstained the breath of the Court would must it over at the least. Should I consent to this intention of the king's, of placing me at Court, though it were with a pretence of a companion to his daughter, who they say is my companion all-ready in what she knowes not of: why should he come hither to retract his promise of my privacy, before the time,

he

he had allotted it, was expired; And he spoke with such a degradation of himself, as if he meant to aske som' what, which would not suite with the divine Image; and therefore did depose himselfe from being King. to make himselfe all man for his pretention: such preposterous humility to me could imply no lesse, though yet his words have had no other guilt then his submission. And I am bound in sense of all his gracious care, to provide against the perversion of all this into his sin. And to secure his innocence even by my hazard. Therefore I must suddenly fly from hence, and heaven to encourage this intent, presents me with such a retreat, as may make the extremity a blessing, the Shepherd's Paradise. Thither will I fly. Fortune in all her oppressions hath enricht me with a full pretence for my admission. The Prince his returne cannot ask lesse then a yeare; then I shall be free again for my *Agono*, whom since this face hath twice endangered in the losse of me, I'll change it till I may deliver it him. Therefore it shall put on mourning for its faults, and his absence. The order admits equally of all nations, and as a Moore I will fly thither.

Love, let not this averse-disguise
Those of thy order scandalize
Thy honor's not advanc'd by beauty
So much as by a true love's duty.

Enter Bellefa and Martiro.

Martiro. Did not I so much admire Madam you transcendent virtues, I should wonder at the triumph the gods have raised them to. How well are the Prince his corrections and your glories fitted. He by his faith to you is suspended from his principality in the top of all his promised joyes. And you for your discontents, are advanced the sooner to a Crown.

Bellefa. Tis true *Martiro*, but the peace of my minde

was never yet since I came here so busie, as to think on any reparation due to me. And what I owe the most to heaven for, is, the indifferent sence of this crown; which as it is but temporary, fits so easily on me I shall not feel it when tis taken off. I shall make up the diminution of my power of doing good, with the addition to my time.

Martiro. Give me leave Madam, to whom time is a burthen, to ask how an addition to it may prove an ease. You cannot better improve this time, than in such a charity.

Bell. You must measure time *Martiro.* with your soul, not your sence; you must not antedate your desires so as time may seem too slow to bring you them. The computation of your time must be like that of clocks, which weigh & measure time at once. And nothing leightens time so much as weighing it. If you must needs *Martiro* any thing without your selfe, let it be somwhat you may hope for. Nothing takes away more from time then that.

Martiro. Alas Madam, I am so free from this variety of wishes, as I have but one; and that so heavie a one, as as it cloggs times motion, and so lengthens my dayes unto me for a tedious course. And you have named a remedy to refine my torment by, the impossibility of attaineing it, Hope: for I am so desperate, I would not change my wishes for any thing that I could hope.

Belleſa. Tis then *Martiro* a vanity in your sufferings, not a desire of ease; and pitty were a prejudice to you, as it would lessen the merit of your patience.

Martiro. It were a cheapning of your pitty Madam, to have it fall so low as my condition. Princes can expect no more from you.

Belleſa. The descent of pitty is the exaltation of it, love indeed should have an object level to its selfe.

Martiro. You could love then Madam, if you had met with such an object, as you might not seeme so much to incline to it, but to receive it as a parallel.

Belleſa.

Belleſa. I would not have the reſervation of my ſelfe
Martiro, be a defect, but an election. I could love but
upon ſuch termes, as ſhould reproach mankind a ſcar-
city of merit if I did not, and not tax me with a naturall
repugnancy to love.

Martiro. Upon theſe termes Madam, you are equally
juſt to all our ſex, in this generall excluſion, by the con-
dition of deſerving you. For to that great diſparity, all
worth may ſeeme but equally diſtant; as all Numbers are
equally diſproportionable to Infinity. Therefore Madam
perſiſt in this right unto your ſelfe, and you ſhall be a
univerſall wonder, not a private joy.

Belleſa. Feare not *Martiro,* As I do not think my ſelf
worthy of a miracle made for me of purpoſe, which ſuch
a man muſt be as I could love; ſo I do not think the gods
will ſo decline my thoughts, as to make me love leſſe,
than what I have propoſed them, and ſo chuſe to afflict
me with the greater miracle.

Martiro. Theſe thoughts are worthy of you Madam,
love them ſtill; ſo that your virtue may contend with
your perſon, whether nature, or you, have made the
greater miracle.

Enter Vitorio.

Vitorio. The occaſion Madam, will crave pardon for
this preſumption on your Maſteſtie's privacies. One of
the gentlemen that your maſteſty lately diſmiſt, demands
admiſſion into this Society. And that your Maſteſty
would appoint the time of his allegation of his pretence;
the other is departed.

Belleſa. I will not differ his wiſh a day, this afternoon
give order for a convocation, and I will go and prepare
my ſelfe for the ceremony.

Exit Belleſa.

Martiro, I will ask pardon of my love for all my paſt
complaints, and bring my joyes in ſuffering to plead for
a forgivenesse. He that will have the glory of a love, that
out

out of choice affects impossibilities, must needs delight in suffering. I will preserve my vow, and this darknesse may keep my passion from becomming madnesse.

Enter Melidoro, and Camena.

Melidoro. Are you behind *Martiro*? the Queen is past, they say, to the Convocation, and we by you shall be stronger in our excuse.

Martiro. It is a faire excuse for you too *Melidoro*; you being together, it will not seem strange, the time past you unawares. My being with you may discredit that pretence, and may imply, you could not be so well pleased, as to forget how the time passed.

Camena. No *Martiro*, you must goe with us, the exercise of charity may better excuse a fault then an idle pleasingnesse. We may be thought to have borrowed the time, to lend your sorrow some comfort in; better then to have forgot it in our own security.

Martiro. I am not so miserable, as to be releevable by so cheape a comfort as common charity. There's but one in the world happy enough to pity me, and I can pity all the world, whose joyes though they be cleare, and make some noyse as they go on, yet are so shallow as the bottome's to be seen.

Melidoro. Come *Martiro*, this cloud of yours may break one day. Then we shall see what it contains.

Exeunt

Enter Bellefa, Pantamora, Camena, Melidoro, Martiro, Votorio, and Moramente.

Votorio. When your Majesty is placed, the pretender by your leave may begin his plea.

Moramente. With all respect to the presiding Majesty, and honour to the blest society; thus I lay downe my misfortunes at your feet, which I find I put off, even as I now take on me here. And I begin to grow doubtfull of the justnesse of my pretence by a surprise of happinesse, which enters so fast my eyes, as I must fly back unto my memory

memory in haste to bring out my sorrows. For I have such a new unluckinesse made of purpose for me, as I ought to feare that this joy breaks in upon me, but to carry away my memory, and with it, my pretence to this divine reliefe, and so to make this instant lightning a perpetuall storme. Now I must first addresse my selfe unto my own sex for judgment, in what you Ladies cannot be deciders for want of experience in it. Loving against scorn, I was so humble, as I had no scruple left in all my sufferings, but that of disappointing her I loved so well.

I could have wished that even her scorne had been preferred before my wishes. So that I must excuse my constancy by Fate, since it occasioned such a fault in her, as this injustice you shall heare. In this continuation of my passion, which was so unhappy, I may now call it so, as to afford me many services done to her, which I will not expect so much reward for as their repetition. At last, fortune made one day my owne life, which was so contemptible to me, the deliverer of hers, and the presenter of what punishment she should appoint the barbarous attempter. Whose threats had almost saved the active spilling of her blood, by that cold exanimation fear had drawn over her. Which notwithstanding did her that service, as to send forth some faint cries, that guided me to the rescue, in a wood where despaire had carried me, to envy the life of plants, and to despise mine owne. There I found her on her knees, prepared to be a Sacrifice to that blow was moving toward her.

I, when I came to intercept it, (guilt is so weak, as tis no vanity to say,) I easily became as much master of his life, as he was of hers: and offered her to purge the ground, that had borne such a monster, with his blood. She then, I may say properly coming to her selfe, seemed to beg of me more earnestly his life, than she had don her owne of him; as if her soul had been already carried up to heaven, and ought him this fright as a blessing. I disarming

arming him only, obeyed her. And gave him not only his life, but more then my own. When he was gone she told me she forgave him, since he had freed her from an injustice. Her life was only welcom to her, to retract her neglect of me. Which she would recant as farr as faith and honor would warrant her. I was impatient to know how far these limitations did extend. Whether my wishes were shut out by them. She told me, the execution I had stayed was upon a condemnation, where I had witnessed against her, which somewhat qualified the obligation, that this person, I saw ready to be the executioner, was one she loved so well, she had begged this as a blessing of him, the dying first, so to end with a perfect innocence; since his jealousy had resolved him to the death of both. And that he had so much disputed this request, as had given me time to be the suspender of this judgment. Therefore that I should not wonder if she was tender of his life; that had so lately given her more then his own. For that she could not have lived after him, and must have died with the guilt of her own hands, the innocency of whose heart would be sufficiently proved to me, by the knowledge that it was of me only she was accused. Therefore bid me weigh the merit of my action, with my unhappiness in the occasion. I wondered to see my selfe indebted, even after such a present, as two such lives, unto her. Therefore acknowledging my misfortune, ascribing this releefe to her chance, begg'd of her some command, whose performance might absolve me from the fault of my contribution to this distresse of his, with promise to undergoe whatsoever she should promise a full forgivenesse on. Then she with as much security as rigor, condemned me to more then I had freed her from. And told me that this mistake of her intended executioner, did not so much abate her passion to him, and could much lesse dispence with the engagement of her faith. Therefore commanded me ne're to see her more, and so rest contented all my life with this

joy

joy of having made her happy. After this hard command, to soften it, she stoop'd in such tears, as I grew rather ashamed, then resolved. Then she began to prayse, and magnify the bravery of this my action. So as I was afraid to heare her long, lest vanity should seem to share with love, in the perswasion to this obedience. I gave her instantly my promise of complying with her will, and to adde somewhat even to her own wish, I said I would conduct her to her servant, and never more but once againe accuse her of cruelty. And joy, that my accusation of her might now prove meritorious to her. And this settled in peace, and confidence with him, I should make him witness of my vow, so to secure her future joyes. This I did the same day, and so left her there, where she began to be sensible of my company. And resolved to repaire to this Sanctuary with so much devotion to forgetfulness, as nothing but the hope of my admission here, could have perswaded to the repetition of this story. Which if it do procure me, I may triumph over fortune. Whose depression of me hath but sunke me to the center of rest and peace.

Belleſa. Collect the voyces upon the hearing of the pretention.

Votario goes along, and receives all their votes softly :
and sayes, All the votes agree for this reception.

Bel. And mine *Votario* shall confirm all. Methinks both sexes are interested in gratitude in his pretention. Women, for the demonstration of their power; and Men, for the exaltation of their love.

M. ra My admission here is such a blessing, as it shames all my former wishes, and removes me from the probability of e're remembring the frustration of them, but as a benefit, which frees me now from wishing any thing.

Bel. Let the oath be given him, and the habit, and this convocation dismiss.

He kisses the Queen's hand and is resaluted by the rest of the Ladies, and so goes out.

The

The third Act

Enter Genorio.

Ge. Since the exclusion of that light that lightned me
 out of my selfe, I find my selfe feeling again into
 my owne temper, and the dispute reduced now only to
 my memory. *Fidamira* doth prevaile, having the deeper
 seat; my eyes had drawn a superficiall darknesse over it,
 which had but shadowed not displaced my *Fidamira*.
 And I finde those shadowes vanished now removed out of
 those beames that made them. Therefore I will now first
 goe and take out the staynes of these new colours. which
 my eyes had received in such haste, and guild my thoughts
 over anew with *Fidamira's* rayes, on which no other
 beames shall ever shine, but to make them glitter more. Oh
 that the Prince his stay might settle his passion, as much
 as my departure hath unsettled mine. So that this journey
 may doubly secure my *Fidamira*. I will first visit her,
 and from thence dispatch trusty enquiries into severall
 parts to discover the abode of this wilde Princeesse of Na-
 varr. Upon my discovery I will repaire unto the Prince,
 who I doubt not but before his returne from thence may
 well be at his journeyes end.

Enter Fidamira disguised like a Moor.

Fida. The King's impatient search hath followed me
 so fast, as it hath been; my habit not my leggs hath saved
 me from reprisall. Here is one, but his easie pace doth not
 imply he followes any body. The gods guide you, Sir,
 towards your desires.

Gen. As much good fortune waite on all your wishes,
 Lady.

Fida. It may be Sir, you may much contribute to mine
 in the direction of my way, which my haste would be much
 advantaged

advantaged by a certaine knowledge. The way to the Shepheards Paradise.

Gen. You are in your right way, Lady, my own immediate coming from thence may assure you of it. And one day's journey, if your person furnish strength for your haste will render you there.

Fida. Your coming from thence Sir may inform somewhat may more advance me then the present prosecution of my journey, if your own haste permit you.

Gen. Though I move not upon my own occasions, yet they are so address'd to the service of your sex, as I dare allow you any time you shall demand.

Fida. Sure Sir, you are much indebted to our sex, that think you owe so much civility to me, that seem to be one of those that nature hath appointed for a punishment, thus to mourn for beautie's martyrs. My curiosity shall not presume too much, since it is seconded with such a face. I would only know, whether you were there at the last election of the Queen. And how the form is of receiving those into the Society that desire admission.

Gen. I owe the sex so much, Lady, I am confident I shall not add one to the number of those you call mourners: but methinks your black becomes you so well, as if beauty it selfe, weary of white and red, had retired a while to black for a variety. I can resolve you Lady of the election of the Queen, who's called *Bellefa*. And having heard the lawes readd at the coronation, can instruct you in the forme of receiving pretenders into the Society, which is the manifestation of some cause wherein virtue, prest by fortune to an extremity, flies thither for a sanctuary, and brings her selfe intire.

Fida. I doubt not then of my being received, unlesse my birth prove such a misfortune, as may make me unfit for that beauteous society. which I heare are all such, they need not so much as a foile to see them out. Otherwise my misfortunes are such, as it may seeme a shame to virtue to be the subject of so many.

Gen.

Gen. Virtue, Lady, is allwayes in hostility with diverse enemies, and even her scarrs do not impair her but make her still intire. Therefore she suffers nothing by her liableness to distresse, and she is so beautifull, as she gives your colour a loveliness, that perswads me it is the brightness of your soul shines through the darknesse of your face, and brings me a pleasednesse that seemes rather inspired then attracted from your lookes.

Fida. You have professed your selfe so happy Sir, you must needs have store of pitty to throw away upon misfortune; So I may please you in the exercise of your own virtue, as necessity is delightfull to an ingenuous liberality. Is the Queen, Sir, that is to be chosen most by her beauty, unquestionably the handsomest of all the society?

Gen. She is such a one, Lady, as will so much oblige you as to make you equall to the rest of the society compared with her; there is in my mind so much disparity, as all comparisons reach her alike. She put me that was arm'd with love; I thought, of prooffe against all the world, to flight to save my selfe.

Fida. You have forgot nothing Sir, there that may serve you in recompence of this civility?

Gen. Yes Lady I have forgot that there, which I never hope to remember more, but as a danger, from which I owe the gods thanks for my delivery. You will find Lady a Shepheard called *Moramense* lately received, he was a friend of mine, to him you may be pleased to present the wishes of his friend that left him lately.

Fida. I think Sir, our haste may now part us upon equall termes, they both seeme to require the prosecution of our way.

Gen. The gentlesse of your conversation, Lady, and the harshnesses of your condition both deserve, and seeme to need a wish, I will leave with you,

May

May all your joyes have leisure, sorrowes haste,
Your wishes only by successe displac't.

Enter Pantamora

Pan. How unsure are the calmest harbors, mortality can ancor in ? Fortune hath rayfed a storm for me, that drives me out even of this security, and makes the exposure of my selfe to the wide Ocean of the world again, a wished-for safety. My sinking here now is inevitable, and this safe descent is more unsufferable to me then striking on a rock, and so to perish with preheminnence, The sad misfortune which admitted me into this sanctuary is so outweighed by this that falls on me now, as even this place that did releve me then, becomes my persecution. Here I found ease for all the paines, that spitefull death, by his cursed seisure on my love, inflicted on me: but here is none for the extinction of my power, whose seperation from a noble heart if it be consolable, becomes the greater curse. In the remission of its selfe it must consent in yeelding unto comfort. Love is not such an irremediable passion as ambition. Love when it goes least annihilates it selfe, and so becomes its own remedy: ambition yeelds not to repulse, but scales up again as often as it is thrown down, and so is lesse relievable. All the comfort I can admit of, is, that my vexation doth so new a thing, as to defeat the peacefull virtue of this place; though that will be much abated by the necessity of dissembling my discontents. Here comes *Melidoro* and *Camena*. They are so pleased they will easily be deceived.

Enter Melidoro, and Camena

Cam. We may give you, *Pantamora*, as much joy in the resignation of your power, as *Bellefa* in the possession; since she can enjoy but what you have done, and she can

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not

not till she resigns the joy as you have done.

Pan. I dot no repine *Camena*, at my resignation, but 'tis to avoyd a sin: not as I am voyd of sense of soverainity, so as to preferr a private condition before so publick an eminence: and I believe the possession of ones selfe enlarged much by the extent of power. Active thoughts are not to be wearied out by ease. They that preferr retreates and privacies for the enjoying of themselves, cosen themselves of what they might improve in company; and so, it may be, lose more in that they might acquire than that they make use of in the easinesse of their contentednesse. Sure, for the prospect of my thoughts, I would chuse an eminence to set them in.

Meli. Sure *Pantamora*, if our thoughts take their horizon at a convenient distance, the emission of them so far is a recreation to them. But if they look so farr as to meet no termination but the aire, they lose themselves in their extents. Privacy may send out thoughts so farr as a conspicuous exaltation; therefore sure they that in calme solitude can keep their wishes within their reach, and their thoughts not much farther then their wishes, enjoy as much happineffe as they can think of, and none desires more.

Cam. But it seemes *Pantamora*, tis not the peace but the priority that you affect amongst us. And that this place had only the virtue to ease you, as it was capable of soverainity, not devoted unto solitude.

Pan. Mistake me not *Camena*, I doe not think it cheapens private joyes, to raise the value thus of hers that even the gods intend advantage to. But I forgive you, that by the estimation of your own happineffe, cannot consent to allow soverainity precedency. You will better understand one another, therefore I'll leave you where you will not be so easily mistaken.

Cam. Tis a hard thing *Pantamora*, not to be so in you that change so often.

Exit

The Shepherds Paradise.

15

Exit Pantamora.

57

Mel. How much do I owe you *Camena*, that have settled me above *Pantamoras* wishes. I would desire sovereignty for nothing but to lessen the disparity which is between my passion, and power of serving you. And give me leave *Camena*, with an humble patience, to shew some sense of your disagreement, to our demanding a dismission at this late Election.

Camena. If Love, *Melidoro*, raise it selfe to such a sovereignty as to possesse all power, and fortune in it selfe, and to neglect all other; then my differring our remove from hence continues you in this your throne; for, they say, Possession, and much more propriety, retrenches Love's prerogative.

Melidoro. As love, *Camena*, seifeth all our senses, it keeps all their faculties so busied, as they have not leisure to tast, much lesse to enjoy any thing, and when our senses have preferd it up into our thoughts, there it is enthroned higher, than any mortall joy can reach up to depose it. Love may rise to this transcendent height, that it may seem to look down on all things, and despise even enjoying: but, likely, our thoughts in this elevation stay not long, but growing dizey fall. Therefore when our imaginations settle at such a pitch, as our senses are within distance of them; then possession is a foundation to maintain Love at that height: and such love, *Camena*, remains unmoved, and seeth the ruine of many aspiring passions that fall down by it. Therefore possession what it takes off from loves summer-prospect in the height, doth recompence it with strength, and security against the change of seasons.

Cam. Then *Melidoro*, the impropriations of our selves proves us both more habitable, and lesse delightfull, and the security of your loves cools to a tepid warmth, which is not only voyd of brightnesse, but of light. Love is darkened, *Melidoro*, when the flame's putt out.

E 2

Meli.

Meli. Hymens torches do imply, *Camena*, loves flame is nourished, not put out: and may not love blaze aswell in them, as Cupid's wilde fires?

Cam. They say indetd, *Melidoro*, they are the emblems of the nuptiall flames, which go out with them.

Mel. All flames *Camena*, as they belightsome, so are they wavering too: we see their light and their uncertain motions both at once. Therefore suppose this flame of love put out by nuptiall rites, it settles then into a temperate heate; whose equall ardor purifies it more. For lov elike gold, *Camena*, must be brought into a fluentnesse, and by receiving of impression so becomes most usefull.

Cam. In this usefullnesse you speake of *Melidoro*, the gold is made lighter still, and is made current by alloy: So woemen, like gold, lose of their valew for the good they doe. I cannot yet resolve to abate soe much from what I love so well, my selfe, as to submit to a propriety.

Meli. Nuptiall bonds *Camena* do not convey you over to the propriety of him they are delivered to; they rather do enlarge the owning of your selfe. For they make the same as your selfe, what you vouchsafe to joyne unto it. So you are still owned, but by your selfe enlarged. Do not fright me then *Camena*, with that word [submission,] when all I wish is but this Identity, To become more subject to you, because we do dispose of nothing so freely as our selves.

Cam. That which in our freedome *Melidoro*, is an assurance against these bonds, after our engagement doth expose us most to the penalty of them This Identity of man and wife, this aggravates our faults, as it implies the husbands sufferings for them. This interesteth that, whose tenderneffe hardens our lives unto us, a husband's honor, which is so delicate, as breath, nay imagination, wounds it; and our afflictions are presently ministred for remedies, and all our suffering made legall by this Identity. Therefore *Melidoro*, I will not hazard the blessing of my

my love to you by making you My-selſe, who have a title dearer to me farr.

Meli. Tis an affected cruelty *Camena*, to puniſh me for poſſibility of ſinning, and not to leave me ſo much as your love to joy in, by this aſcription of my puniſhment to that. No *Camena*, this is a deceit full of apparition of your love, which like the Sun now it is ſetting ſeems to draw neere us, when it is remotest: therefore now I muſt expect a following darkeneſſe.

Cam. Marke *Melidoro*, how you that would decline mens eaſines to jealousy, are already inſenſibly crept into it.

Enter Votorio.

Voto. *Melidoro* and *Camena*, I come to warn you both to the Convocation. The Queen hath appoynted to day for the hearing of a new Pretender, the hour is neere at hand.

Cam. We will both go along.

Exeunt.

Enter Fidamira called Gemella.

Gem. My innocence hath ſtrengthened even the weakeſt part of me ſo, as to defeate the kings perſute. And now ſecured from thoſe feares, leſt I ſhould once enjoy a thoughtleſſe eaſe, I find a care riſe up before me, how I ſhould diſguiſe my ſtory. Fortune hath provided ſuch an exceſſe for me, as I might ſpare the halfe, leſt my diſtreſſe may ſeem ſo irremediabable, as to exclude me from this eaſe. The ſtrangenefſe of my curſe is ſuch, as it excludes all beleeſe, otherwiſe then that my complaint is vaine. And tis no diſcretion to alledge the love of Princes, for a miſfortune. I muſt therefore degrade them of that quality, and relate them but as father and ſon, this will intereſt both ſexes in my pity, who am fled hither, chooſing ſo to make peace for others, to come and begg my own.

Queen. The pretender is allready here, lets take our places and give her audience.

Gem. The very introduction to my story, Ladies, may be a pretence enough unto your pitties, that I am reduced to begg beleefe of you in that, which above all things derogates from your selves, That your contrariety could be beloved. And that which will avert you Gentlemen from the credit of it, is, that it may seem a scandall to have this love imputed unto men; unto whose colours this of mine may seeme a staine, and not an ornament. Thus I am so miserable as before I plead my cause, to make my judges justly parties against me; but, this wonder past, and pardoned, then the consequence may easily be beleevd because it is successively naturall; A Father and a Son being the subjects of this wonder. The passion of the son was first. The father followed it unknown to the son; of which the father meant to apply the first discovery, only to benum and dead what was left of life. This was that only pretence which the fury lealously, did allow the son, which had perswaded as it seemes the father, that the blacknesse of his thoughts would match the colour Nature had ment to sute with mine. And the gods know, I was so equally averse to both, as they had made our colours. The fathers purpose seemed to him past defeat; and finding me one day so constantly unmoved with all those stormes lover's complaints do raise, at last this swelling sadnesse broke into a rage, and vowed revenge. The which the strangnesse of, might be discredited in my beleefe, had not the wonder of his love presaged unnaturall events. He said, he would reduce himselfe to a condition should defeat even my pittie; and in revenge of my crosse-will would frustrate even my power of helping him. And there he seemed to prove, this purpose was designed above, since nature had curst him unto the making of his curse, his son. Whose making was not thought enough, but his
end

end too was destined to him, and even for such a cause, as was a greater torment then the act. Therefore he said, his thoughts condemned his son of more then parricide, his intercepting of my love to him, and he should be sacrificed to this suspicion. So little did the love of twice himselfe prevaile, set by his love to me. And this he said, he did acquaint me with, that my virtue which had been his tormentor, might have the paine of being the cause, and knowing this detestable effect without the meanes of a prevention, which his instant execution should make impossible. And thus he seemed to fly from me, as if the pleasure of this act already had displaced that of his being with me. Then, counsell'd by virtue in this strange surpris, which seeing as her self she had not power to divert this rage, did prompt me to disguise her into a shape might please his fancy for a while, and so delude this fury by its own resemblance. Then I persuing him with haste stayd him, seeming to embrace his rage, not wrestle with it. Then I told him that I did allow this brave resolve, as a temptation high enough to justify my yeelding to. And I could never have thought to have met a humor worthy the matching mine unto. I told him, mine was none of those warme tender hearts that sighes could blow into a flame. It had an adamantine temper, which only blood can soften; and that he had done like to that Painter, that had the figure of a lyon running mad, and wanting nothing but the foame to represent, grew so distracted with despaire of hitting it, as in a rage he threw his pencil at it, and by this chance did rarely perfect his abandoned worke: and so his fury had, throwing it selfe into so high despaire, made up that figure, which only could have taken me.

I told him, that his feares were true, and that his son was guilty of interposing between him and me. But his offence was only naturall, not active against him, whose having of a son, had resolved me, not to submit the plea-

tures of my bed to a minority in any thing. Therefore he that could intend to kill his son to impossibilitate his joyes, will easily do it to assure them. Which if he would promise, on the beleefe of his brave minde, that had advanced me to such proofes of it, I would advance his possession of me, even this night, before the ceremoniall rites. He agreed to this with so much joy, he seemed to have made and not destroyed a son. That night, I having taken up the time on such a pawne as this, made presently the best of it, and layd it out so, as I thought the use of it should pay the principall. Therefore I sent instantly to the son; and, by tokens, that I had taken from the father as pledges of his word, assured him his death was purposed by his father, and that night. That there did remain no time for any thing but flight. This he believing did fly instantly. Which I assured of, my next part was now, to unmask my virtue, whose vizard grew offensive. Therefore thus winged with innocence, I did resolve to fly over these seas, which part our neighbouring lands, leaving a Letter which might clear my virtue, from that black engagement I had made. And coming hither, the kinde gods presented me with the selfe equall report of so divine a body, as it offers it to the releife of all nations & sexes, and my arrivall here I cannot ascribeto lesse then a divine direction.

Thus have you heard a Story, whose strangeness needs so much of your pittie, it must first aske your credit as a charity; which if you do vouchsafe, I cannot doubt a fair commiseration. And the newnesse of this my pretence brings somewhat with it, as a recompence for my admission, an enlargement of the powerfull vertue of this place which by receiving me into this happinesse, shall shew, it cannot only disappoint Fortune's malignity, but Nature's too.

Queen. Votorio, collect the voyces.

Votorio. No vote opposeth the admission.

Gemella

The Shepherd's Paradise.

57

Gemella Nature, Madam, hath by my humility lightned so the darke misfortune of my birth, as ambition, whose colour is my contrary, seemes so unlovely to me, as I shall wish nothing but rest and solitude, whose shades best fit with me.

Belleſa. Let the oath and habit be given her.

Exeunt.

Enter Bonorio.

Bono. How much doth heaven approve of this compassion? It hath already payd me with all the blessings earth affords, and hath made the King the recompencer of my happy disobedience. He hath since *Fidamira's* flight heaped so much fortune and honor on me as if he meant that amazement should take up all my senses, and leave me none to lament her love with, which sorrow seemes to him his prerogative, he would admitt no partner in it.

But I have a pain deeper then any guesse can reach to allay. Such a one as the name of father forbids the cure of.

The king is gone this way, his afflictions make my curse inevitable; for even their releife, the finding *Fidamira*, must prove her losse to me.

Exit

Enter King.

King. O *Fidamira*, thy seares have blemished even thy innocence, in this unjust affliction of thy Prince, that had no thought but how to shew that Princes are happy in the meanes of setting vertue in its truest light. If this purposed remove of thee out of thy Fathers house did shake thee into needlesse fears, 'twas thy humility, that did not know, that thy transcendent merit was so much, that a King could not spare the smallest circumstance in all his power to honor it enough. So, what I was forced to do
even

even to avoyd omission, thou didst avoyd for an excesse. Was it not paine enough for me to part with *Basilino*, without the addiſion of this ſtrange heavy curſe; That his returne ſhould prove a torment to me? For ſo it muſt by this diſtreſſe of *Fidamira*, whoſe happineſſe I only was to account for, upon his requeſt. O that he were come back, that I might free the name of King from ſuch miſfortunes! and reſigning to his guiltleſſe youth break off this thred by ruder motions, and not ſtay till it wear out with age. I would my ſelfe undergoe a boundleſſe pilgrimage, which, though it had no end but expiation of my guilt to *Basilino* by the expiration of my ſelfe, I'de undergoe it ſo. Moſt of thoſe I ſent in ſearch of her already are returned, and with their ſilent ſadneſſe, bring mourning only for their answers. Into how wilde a divination have my ſtraying ſorrowes led me here alone? and they have brought me to a way whoſe ſhady melancholy ſeems to invite me to begin my Pilgrimage. Here comes one too whoſe lookes foreſpeak his newes. What, have you found her?

Gen. Who ſhould I have found?

King. Canſt thou looke ſo and aſke, Who? Is there ſo much ſorrow left in all the reſt of the world as thou pretendſt to, and not imployed in *Fidamira*? What art thou, that ſeemeſt ſo boldly ſad to vye with me?

Gen. This is the king I muſt diſſemble. I am one that may allow you any ſubject you can chooſe about your ſelfe, and then diſpute afflictions with you. I am a voted Pilgrime, whoſe wandring motions ſeek their ayme hopeles of ſo much reſt as even the knowledge of the end they are directed to.

King. Alas, thou art ſo ſhort of me, as even thy miſery is my wiſh. Were it in my choyce to be a Pilgrim or a King, I'de chuſe thy curſe for eaſe. If you have nothing elſe to vye with me, you may add this unto your greifs, if you did meane they ſhould exceed all others; they being

being now outtorrowed by me, whose condition if you knew, would shame all your complaints.

Gen. My sorrowes Sir, do ly so heavy on me, I cannot raise them up so high as a relation; yours must be leighter, needs, that you can lift them so high as your mouth.

King. This dumb dejection of your selfe under the pressure of affliction may as well imply your weaknesse as the sorrowes weight. And silence so may equall all pretensions unto misery. Therefore raise your complaints so high to put them in a ballance against mine, to try the which out-weighs.

Gen. I am content to lighten yours to weigh with you. I have loved, and have been so neere injoying, as the disappoyntment did double the paine, by the reflex of that which lighte on her I loved, by this differring of our joys which I am now more distanced from, than I was ever neere.

King. I did resist and overcome a passion, whose opposition had but left me one pain in all the world greater than it, and that fell on me, the disappointment of his love, for whose successe I only could have yeelded, and I remain guilty in the opinion of them both, as the defacer of their joyes.

The one I shall ne're see againe, to undeceive. The other I must see so guiltily deceived, as he unjustly must condemne his father.

Gen. This is the only misery (I do confesse) I could allow a pitty to. This is a lending of your senses to others torments, whose joyes only they cannot tast. Your own wishes in my minde could not relieve you, since they tend only to others ends.

I do allow you so much advantage Sir, as I confesse your present misery is above my feares. But give me leave to aske, as a stranger to your country and your story, Whether this *Fidamira* that you named beyet a live. Me thinks her death might ease you much.

King.

King. Kind pilgrime, In the absence of my son, jealous of, so much comfort as my care, my cursed fate guided her the only way unto my guilt, her flight. I do not think her dead, no more then a disguise may be a preparation to it. As death may have a better pretence to seise her then as not her selfe, than in the lively illustration of her selfe, to whom all lives are due. And to let thee see, kind Pilgrim, how due to me this thy ingenuous yeelding was, I will direct thee to an ease of all thy miseries, while mine are unrelleable. I'll terminate thy aimelesse course, and point thee out to such an end, whose safe attainer shall center thy sorrowes up in rest. You have heard sure of the Shepherds Paradise, whose peaceable bounds have that strange virtue from the gods, as to include all those within a peacefull acquiescence, that are admitted there. Thither repaire, for though you have not grieve enough to weigh with mine; yet your misfortune's full enough for a pretence to be received even there. And when you finde the smiles of that smooth place laugh at your wrinkled sorrowes past, then for my sake dispute your joyes with those contented soules. For you may sooner there outvie all their delights, than my distresses, should you run on in this sad maze till you did measure all the world and end your dayes.

Gen. I will submit my selfe to your directions Sir, but to an end differing so farr from what you do prescribe as mine shall be in a defiance unto peace. I will even there raise up new sorrowes which my distracted soul shall there erect for trophies, got from the contesting virtue of that place; which my sad life shall so defeat, as all those joyes that shall incompasse me, shall by the deadnesse of my sense, serve but to prove my miseries the more compleat.

King. Follow my counsell freind; it may be the virtue of this place may be so strong, it shall incline your own willingnesse towards your releefe. I must leave you, and I

am

am sure not far out of your way towards my advice.

Gen. The gods be with you Sir, and may you live to be a wonder in the contrary extreame of what you now are. Alas, good King, how patient have I been to allow your sorrowes victory, striving with mine, which these were too that you brought forth. For *Fidamira's* flight belongs simply to me, and hath no comfort but the admiration of her virtues, which this happy meeting with the King hath so exalted as the wonder mingles with the sense of my disappointment, and so tempers it into a hopefull patience. The kings counsell is so good, it will serve for more then he intends it, and I hope for as much joy to him, as he meant ease to me. I will goe back directly to the Prince, and now assure him that the Princeesse of Navarr is dead, to stop his fathers course. And as I finde his thoughts are fixt or moved from *Fidamira*, so contrive his returne; the which will quickly unconceal my *Fidamira*, who must needs be hid in some neighbouring privacy secure from her virtuous feares.

This penance of not seeing her, I take as due unto these faulty eyes that have been pleased with another object. Which now redeemed shall make me watch their straying motions with a stricter care.

Beauty shall slide from them as it falls
Like smooth things lighting upon crysfall balls,
Whose touch doth part and not together fix
Their own agreeing makes them cannot mix.
So beauty in mine eye shall meet with such
I cannot fix, but passe as it doth touch.

Exit.

Enter Bellefa, Moramente, Martiro.

Bel. That which you reported of the Prince, *Moramente*, is now fully confirmed by this Moor that we admitted last. She past that way she said, and so describes his person and his parts, it seemes a miracle that faith or honor could have virtue to resist his will.

Moramente

Mora. I know the Prince, Madam, so well, I wonder more at the unfitnesse of his wishes, than at the gods refusal. Which was a gentle punishment of his forgetting selfe. And I beleve whereever he is gone, heaven will direct him to a choyce, between which, and his owne, there shall be as much odds, as between his choosing and the gods.

Bel. You beleve then *Moramente*, he will love again, & by a high successe shall know he was reserved by heaven, for more then he could wish at first; you think heaven doth allow of love's twice.

Mora. As it doth intend, Madam, all good should rise to its perfection, our minds are but love's pupills at the first. Which fit themselves but to proceed and take degrees, and so our second love is a degree wherein our soules attaine to experience that imployes it selfe in loves refinement. So not by the first step, but by this gradation, Love ascends unto its highest.

Bel. I will allow you *Moramente*, Love is no irradiation of a light into our soules whose first instant brightness is in its perfection. But may not the first spark be kept alive and raised unto as high a light, as can the second, which is kindled still by putting out the first?

Mora. Tis not an extinction of the flame, 'tis but a change of the materiall that fomented it: so second loves have this advantage, they being the first instant in that height the first was long agrowing to, and have the first comparison to raise themselves by, which must prove it higher by having got above it.

Bel. These degrees of elevation *Moramente*, you require in Love, inferr this consequence that love should be a continuall motion, by change aspiring to transcendency. For if comparison doth raise it so, he is to blame that takes but one. For by your inference the number must exalt noelast unto the greatest height. Your inconstancy doth not concerne us so, as you should strive to prove it a virtue to us.

Mora,

Mora. In this degree Madam, which I have named Love comes to touch a point, after which all motion is a declination. I do not allow loves lightnesse, or variety contributors unto its heighth. I do agree the glory of it, is in a consistency in this elevation the second love attaines to; because the first cannot know how high it is. Had I thought inconsistency a virtue, Madam, I ne're had been blest with this so great a joy as seeing you.

Bel. What *Moramente* sayes, *Martiro* seemes to justify the Prince his second love, and so to make his cause a precedent to plead his own by, since their fortunes do resemble much in the miscarrying of their loves.

Mar. So he hath reason, Madam; for the Prince's case would warrant any private mans dismissal of such thoughts whose entertainment did so much defame loves power by his Tyranny; and they ill subjects are, whose constant sufferings do better the world from his subjection which can be taken only by their will.

Bel. I do confesse the Prince for many reasons might not only be allowed but wished a second, and succesfull love; that he may know our Sex have joyes that may out-prise his sufferings; he may else grow vaine in this his sorrow, and beleve love owes him more then it can pay in all our Sex.

Mora. What Madam then is my condition? whose sufferings I should think injured compared with his, did I not find the Prince exalted by you to so high a pitty, as I am glad mine were now likened to them, might not I pretend to have my second choyce, wisdom, not inconsistency?

Bel. I beleve you might; and I should pitty you the more, were you not here in this, delightfull place, and he abroad in search of that you have attained, Forgetfullnesse.

Mora. You speake Madam, as though you wished him here; where would he were even in my place, and I any where but with your pity.

Bel.

Bel. You wish *Moramente* much against him, and more against your selfe: for you had my pittie in your admittance, you had it at first sight; and, since, you have my interest in all your joyes as part of the Society.

Mora. I'll wish him Madam in my place t'is that I dare wish more in his brave name then in my own, in whom so insolent a wish as your esteem could finde but such a pittie as distraction doth.

Bel. I do esteeme you so much *Moramente*, as I dare never resolve to pittie you so much. I trust the vertuous peace of your composed, and settled thoughts.

Mar. *Moramente* is so civil, Madam, he would make the virtue of this place defective, to endear your power by the applying of his wishes unto you. And your civility to us Madam is such, you borrow now this time from your devotions.

Bel. Tis true, *Martiro*, time is not so civill as to stay for any body.

Mora. I have yet devotion enough Madam to forgive *Martiro* his excessse. I'll stay behind a little to dispose my selfe to that.

Exeunt Bellesa, Martiro.

I see there is no vizarding of love to make it passe abroad unknown; the eye or mouth are even enough to shew what tis. Nay did young Love himselfe with a disguise he could not ever be fitted. For who can take a measure of a growing love? where every instant adds as much as even your thought can comprehend. And now Love seemes to promise more advantage by this selfe discovery. It prompts me to *Martiro's* friendship, whose trust will both afford my love more room for recreation of it selfe, and helpe to carry it neerer *Belleſa* by an insensible approach, which it may make by him. I will professe my passion freely to *Martiro*. I am sure to be beleev'd, that's a joy which I desmy my own misfortune to oppose me in. But I must not provoke it with unthankfullnesse. I must acknowledge to my misfortune the debt of this experience.

All

All love's a light, which as it doth eject
Shaddowes, by them it doth it selfe detect.
So he that thinks love can be shaddowed quite
Knowes not, there is no shadow without light.

I will contribute now to *Belleſa's* knowledge, and will
leave these verses here, which she must find at her re-
turne.

Exit.

Enter Gemella.

Gem. Is this strange discovery part of my curse, my finding
out of the Prince, only that I might misse *Agenor*?
The peace this place affords had been too much for me
without this disquiet of *Agenors* parting with the Prince.
I can guesse no reason, unlesse he should, finding him set-
tled here, have asked leave to go back again unto the King
with the designe of seeing me. Which I am aptest to sus-
pect. It doth so well agree with my misfortunes such a dis-
appointment. And yet I find some bold devining-thoughts,
that thank my fears that brought me hither. And pro-
mise me I shall redeeme the Prince his favour, by so strange
a service. He may thinke I owe the virtue of my faith un-
to his fate, that did compell me to inconstancy. Which was
ordained that his despair might well come this destined
blessing so much more; and I shall have a double merit by
my contribution of dispaire and hope. I do confesse his
passions, and already have professed his prayser, and he
is himselfe our Prince. And now I must apply my selfe to
the successe of his disguise. I shall so studiously persue his
end, as his consent unto *Agenor's* choyse and mine shall
be a joy of his, and no reward. Here lies a paper. This is
his hand, I cannot mistake, mine eyes are not disguised.
These are verses full of passion. I'll keep them so, as she he
ment them to, shall see them more recommended, then
this chance can do.

Enter Pantamora.

Pan. I thank my thoughts for this reproach they send
me. Now the wish of my contribution to the successe of

F my

my love, which now againe hath mastred my ambition; and all the quarrell I have now unto *Belleſa*, is, the having envied her, that so low a passion should be in me, for which I will accept no lesse satisfaction from my selfe then the dis-lustering of her in *Moramenti's* eyes. I am confident she is already settled there with all the advantage love can chuse. And sure, she cannot choose but see her selfe there by the reflex of his addressees, which are so clear as her conivance implyes she findes her selfe no way disfigured there. Yet all this is no more advantage then I may allow her. I would not meet with lesser difficultyes to expiate my envy, which my heart hath let it selfe descend to. And now my thoughts shall take their rise no lower then the admiration of her beauty and her virtues, and from thence carry my loves successe above them all. I will not strike on the flat of envy or detraction; but in faire conspicuous sights will make above her.

Exit.

Enter Moramente

Mora. To what a rashnesse hath my Love transported me? as if I might expect my passion had given me an equall power over others to that it had assumed over me. I did deliver up my wishes to *Martiro*, with such a confidence, as if I had granted his contribution to them as a sute. He answered me with such cold civility as did imply surpris. He sayd, he wondred that so noble a passion could be so defective in so essentiall a point as secrecie. But that he would impute this opening of my selfe to him a desire of making him a freind by this advance of such a trust, as must expresse my confidence in him by the exposure of my happinesse to his discretion. In returne of which, he said he would promise me so strict a secrecie, as my love should be lock't up with the profoundest secrets of this world, his hidden thoughts; which should never have more ayre then would afford them breath only to live, but not to speak. How dull was I, not to beleieve before that all that had seen her, were in love with her?

I'll

I'll give security now for my believing it, a generall distrust of all the world. All women needs must envy her; and all men me for the out-loving them. I will punish this my looseness so, I will endure the guilt of breach of friendship for it, and lock it up even from *Genorio* at his return.

Enter Genorio led by two Souldiers.

Soul. We may discharge our selves of this charge now, having met you Sir, who are of the society. He demands *Votario*, to whom, you can direct him better then we.

Mora. This stranger, freinde, is addrest to me, where you may leave him, and take your discharge.

Soul. We obey Sir, and leave you.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Mora. Dost thou bring newes *Genorio*, that thou hadst rather thy clothes should tell than thou? What black traverse hast thou brought, to draw between me and my joyes were flying to embrace thee.

Geno. I am happy Sir, to come to be imbraced by you in this infectious Colour which must fully and black you too.

Mora. Throw then *Genorio* those blacks over me, for nothing can appeare so ugly unto me as this party-colored doubt.

Gen. If the blacks be not so polished Sir, as you may see your selfe in them, then let your thoughts sink down as low as possibility can fall. and they must needs find your misfortune there. You have not many to confound your choyce.

Mora. It must be that, *Genorio*, that which sinks beyond the centre of misfortune, so as it ascends upward unto heaven in a rebellion for *Saphira's* elevation thither. My distraction tells me it must be that, and justifiys this seizure on me. I am so mad allready, I do not wish it should be lesse. And I am not so happy as to be naturally mad, for I have so much sense left yet *Genorio*, as to thank

thee for the exempting of thy selfe from so foule a thing as telling it me.

Gen. Give me leave to tell you Sir, you have not guessed so much misfortune, as your distraction is going now to make. Suppose heavenly *Saphira* at her home. Will not the part of lamentation that you owe her, ask an entire soule to pay it her? why then do you teare that appeices, which even whole will be too little to offer up unto her memory? do you think that lesse then a man can be enough to mourn for her? Then Sir, collect your senses, and by this union strengthen them for the impo-
sure of this weight, that they may be the bearers of this sacred hearse. This leight-distracti^on shows they would fly from it as a burthen. Therefore Sir, consider what shame it will be for you to mourn for the divine *Saphira* as you are not your selfe.

Mora. As I am my selfe *Genorio*, I must needs be the unfittest to mourne for her; for so I owe her most, and am unworthy even of an ability to acquitt my selfe. Should I speake to save those senses that were guilty of her death? No *Genorio*, no lesse then running mad, and biting even the virtue of the place, so as by my infection it may distracted dye, and turne this Paradise into a mourning wildernesse, where nothing but wild sorrow shall abide. There is nothing but the virtue of this place so inverted, can be a monument of greife fitt for the divine *Saphira*.

He offers to go out.

But stay, before I go *Genorio*, tell me the manner of her leaving of this world, that I may be higher swollen with this black raging poyson I must spread, that I may overcome all Antidotes this place is strengthened with.

Gen. The knowledge of this circumstance will be so usefull to you Sir, as you must give me leave now to condition for the imparting of it; Since not your selfe, I need not owne my duty, therefore promise Sir to reassume so
much

much sense as to comply with your owne duty, and your deare fathers wishes. Whose sorrowes for your absence joyning with his age, will quickly rob you of some part of those distracted griefs requiring a great share for him. Therefore your duty to *Saphira* should advise you to avoyde so sad a mixture as his death must be, which must part griefes with her. And were it but to raise your mourning as a private man up to the height of a great Prince, you were obliged for that to re-inthrone your selfe, that by this low dejection of your selfe, it might so become the greater fall, and so you advanced in your designe of honoring *Saphira*.

Mora. Doth my father summon me *Genorio* to the performance of my word, in my return? I will begin at this great height of straying nature, in my disobedience to him, I must benight the lustre of this place. Courts of themselves are sad enough *Genorio*, each one hath there his own particular affliction that benum's him of the sense of others. No *Genorio* it must be here, among these joyes, where greife's a miracle. that I must celebrate the funeralls of the divine *Saphira*, and so give blacks to all this society. If you will leave to me to guess the manner of her death, I'll shew I am so stark mad, as I'll believe she dyed for love of me.

Gen. I'll contribute so much to the madness of the belief Sir, as to let you know she dyed married to the King of Albion, whom her beauty which was only undisguised in her retreat into his countrey, which she chose for solitude, raysed her to the publick eminence of Queen, without the help of any other quality; all which untill her death she kept conceal'd, unwilling to owe any thing but to her beauty.

Mora. This may allay my griefe into a sober melancholy which I must now impose upon my selfe, the only meanes of expiation left. This methinks hath brought me to my selfe againe, her having been another's. And

now *Ganorio* I will promise thee to stay but to use the virtue of this place for the recovery of this sad disease was growing on me. Therefore do you pretend to be admitted here, and I will promise within few dayes to declare my selfe, and so returne. I'll go and send *Votorio* to you.

Exit Moramente

Gen. I will obey you Sir, and with no lesse merit by the pain of staying now, than in the leaving you before. Sure fortune is not blind, it could not lead us up and downe, thus, as it were in such intricate and many changes, at it doth. She hath brought me back hither, & perswades me now she will conveigh me to my end by staying here. Sure this pretence of staying here to mourn was but found out as the best disguise Love can put on, because the blackest sorrow. And nothing will conceale love longer then an approved pretence to sadnesse. I must apply my observation, and my curiosity as a stranger, to discover whether his thoughts be not more fixt on *Belleſa's* life then *Saphira's* death.

Enter Votorio.

Voto. The Gods protect you, Sir; *Moramente* told me you demanded me.

Gen. He hath obliged me Sir, in so speedy procuring of this favour, I am come to intreat your help in an audience, for the delivery of my pretence to be admitted into the Society. Fortune, since I went from hence, hath so intended my persecution, as if my having been but here had been a declaration of my selfe against her. Therefore now I am come back hither for Sanctuary, with this to recommend my sad pretence the having suffered for my being here,

Exit Votorio.

Enter Gemella.

Gem. It is you Sir, have brought this darknesse with you, that hath ore-cast *Moramente* thus.

Gen. I assured only his enquiry in somewhat he desired
to

to know abroad, which if it hath afflicted him, it will add somewhat to my pretence. The misfortune of having been so cursed as to bring sorrows hither, it will be in your power Madam, now to over-pay that which you were so lately pleased to call civility, my direction of you hither. Your happy admittance here must needs indebt you to any body that did but contribute so much as showing you the way.

Gen. That which helped you to retaine me in your memory may excuse me for your being fallen almost out of mine. This black made me notorious to you and hath disguised you to me. It seems you are owner as well as bearer of part of *Morament's* greifes.

Gen. Among all misfortunes Madam, I have not this of nature, the being insensible of what friendship should affect me with, and so only this particular toucheth me, my own dyasters challenging this habit.

Gen. Your own misfortunes are now to be releevd by our knowledg of them: but you may ease us by the acquaintance of this greife which you have brought to *Moramente*.

Gen. I wonder Madam, it falls so heavy on him to cause this dejection, since it falls on him but from another whom it fell on first. 'Tis the death Madam of the Princeesse of Navarr, whom the Prince his Highnesse was so in love with, as he left his fathers Court even to ask nothing but her pardon. The story is too long to satisfy you by, of the Prince his reasons. But this is enough to possess you of the reason of *Moraments* sorrowes, his love and duty to the Prince.

Enter Votorio.

Voro. The Queen Sir, is going to the audience-seat, and tis time for you to move that way.

Gen. I follow you Sir. In hope of time enough hereafter, to ask your pardon, Lady.

Gen. I shall meet you presently Sir, and I hope embrace you

you, as one the gods seem to favour, and to have forgiven by their direction of you into this Society.

Exeunt Votario, Genorio.

Gemella. The gods should too much enlarge me, to furnish me with more admiration of the virtue of this place. Sure they chose to make me thus happy, as the subject whereon the virtue of this place might get the greatest honor by the despaire of my condition, that I should live to misse *Genorio*, to endeaure the finding him here. This is he, my joyes tell it me better then my eyes. The Prince is here, & left the sense of the Princess *Saphiras* death might qualify these joyes, the Prince being in love with the divine *Bellefa* is fallen out to make her death as it were a sacrifice to all our lives. This free's the Prince from any scruple in his love, and so prepares the wished successe unto *Agenor* and my self. I will conceale my self still unto *Agenor*. It is not jealousy, but to do him right by this allowance of so much merit, as his constancy must be, in this place, imparadised in the strength of temptations of our Sex: and I love him so. I'de have him out-merit me in what only I can alleadg it, constancy, which in a defence against this place's beauty will be done. I do not despaire of *Bellefas* taking too, my approaches have been successfull yet.

Love's well advanc'd, intrench'd within our cares,
It workes securely covered from our feares.

If e're it come to parley under ground

But with our thoughts, we likely do compound.

Enter the Queen, and all the Society.

Voto. *Moramente* by me begs your Majestie's pardon for his absence which his indisposition hath occasioned.

Bel. I am sorry for the justnesse of his excuse. Let the pretender begin.

Gen. Behold deaths Herald, sent to proclaim a Victory which he lately had o're love, by which both sexes are defeated

feated so, as men may feare the being loved, and women may justly leave from loving, since nothing but dying can shew that they can love enough. Behold and pity me whom death keeps thus alive by my despaire. In living to proclame his Triumph, not only in my love, but in my life, I am that wretched he, that shame unto my sex, that was beloved by such a one, as had not sin enough to dy, but death was faine her virtue to imploy.

This treachery did death use me with, whilst I was as I may say even in his company, as much as darknesse and absence represent him. In this separation then, death I may say betray'd love too: for 'twas the deadly sinn of lust, armed with the power of a Prince that did assault the virtue of this matchlesse Shee. To save whose life she gave her own to death delivering it with her own hands. Which being not strong enough to defend her innocence, were innocent in the defeate of her own life when it stood against her innocence. After this, do not believe that I pretend admision here for comfort, but bound to seeke through all the world the place which is the truest enemy to lust, and death, which all consent is this; for that virtue which defyces the first, defeats the last of his power. Therefore I must implore your ayde in this, that in revenge of this injurious life which nature is not so kind as to allow me hope of a justifiable freeing of my selfe of, I may live here where only life is such, as it despiseth death.

Bel. Votario, collect the votes.

Voto. They agree for his admision.

Bel. And I confirme it too. But methinks death hath not been so injurious as your sense would make it in this cause for it seemes to have come in upon the rescue, not the arrest; and we are interessed in your life as a record of the virtue of our sex.

Gen. Did I not justly prefer the estimation of this place before the rest of the world, I should have been a moving monument,

moniment, and should have disperst her Epitaph as farr as life would have served to carry me. But since in this one centur^y meets all the extended lines of virtue that touch this worlds circumference, here I have chosen to fix my selfe; that in a firm consistency the dimension of this virtue might be trulier taken here.

Bel. Votorio, let him be sworne.

Vor. You shall be obeyed, Madam.

The fourth Act.

Enter Moramente reading of a paper.

Mor. MY whole life *Saphira* should have been thy Epitaph, had not thy end dispenced with my beginning. This is an obligation which my fancy brings unto thy memory, which I will offer to it now.

Enter Gemella.

Gem. The Queen, *Moramente*, hearing of your indisposition, is come to visit you.

Mor. The Queen, *Gemella*? Let her not be so cruell as so soon to interrupt my senses in a sorrow that they are paying. But the seeing her will set me so behind by such an interposing joy, as will so lighten all I can pay after, as there will nothing passe for weight.

Enter Bellefa.

Mora. Madam you have set all my sorrows, that I ought my freind, upon my own account for my unworthinesse of so soveraigne a remedy as your presence.

Bell. What distemper is it *Moramente*, that detained you thus long from the Society?

Mora. Ife're your sight did cure any Madam, call it that; for that's the only marke that I shall e're remember it by.

Bell. They say you have a freindship so iencere to you,
and

and so refined, as you are wounded through it. What paper's that you seem to be surpris'd with in your hand ?

Mora. The tendernesse of friendship Madam, is the best constitution of it, and misfortunes that fall first on friends have not their weight broken by the way, but fall heavier as they bring them down upon us. This paper, Madam, is a part that I have acted personating the unhappy Prince, whose sorrowes I took so cruelly on me, as they do excuse the insolence of taking his person too, in this meditation on *Saphira's* death.

Bell. Pray let me see it, *Moramente.* *Camilla* shew'd me verses of yours the other day, which I liked well, they were discreetly passionate.

Mora. These, Madam, I dare commend more, as they concern me not so much. I'll read them to you, Madam, in the person of the Prince upon the death of the Prince of Navarr.

Having allow'd my sorrowes choyle of paine,
They have chose this, the searching still in vaine
The cause of this strange death, and though on earth
I find more reason for't, then for her birth,
As curses are much more then blessings due ;
Yet that doth not seem strange enough for new.
Methinks heaven's wisdom needed not disburse
Such treasure, to resume it for a curse.
But as the benefactor's use, or want,
Doth justify resuming of his grant :
So the recalling her doth but imply
Her want brought heaven unto necessity.
So heav'n did re-impropriate this wealth
Not to impoverish us but store it selfe.
This then me thought, did me some reason show.
Because, it did transcend all reason so :
Then carried by this rapture up above,
I found that all the gods had been in love

With

With her, so as their immortality
 Would have been tedious to them, if to dye
 Had been the way to her; so, to be even
 With all their loves, she dy'd and went to heaven.

Belleſa. The cause of your pain *Moramente* ought to
 cease, if it depend on the finding of a cause strange enough
 for this lamented death. Did you ever see the Princessse
 of *Navarr*?

Mor. I must confesse, I am eased of all the pain that
 I have ever heard of; and that which doth remaine doth
 not detract from your virtue Madam, since I ought to
 think your knowledge of it, would but improve it. In
 not having seen the Princessse, I attribute rightly unto the
 Prince, who as I conceive could not possibly arrive in *Al-*
bion before her death.

Belleſa. Sure *Moramente*, her Marriage was her
 death unto the Prince; that breath which did be-
 queath her to another, was her expiration to
 him.

Mor. I believe Madam, the having made her self away
 must needs lessen much his devotion to her virtues; nor
 do I believe that e're he meant to love her; but moved with
 a religious ſense of those hazards of hers he was account-
 able for, did vow this search for expiation, not expect-
 tance of her love.

Bel. Sure, love is very injurious, or it is injured much
 by mens complaints; for, since my coming hither I have
 heard no pretence to a misfortune, but Love hath had the
 imputation of it. Sure you know what Love truly is;
 therefore instruct me what in it selfe it is, that ne-
 ver heard of it but criminated with sad effects.

Moramente. I shall retract all my complaints if I be so
 happy as to be the first, that informs you Madam what
 love is, and shall doe so great a service unto Love it selfe,
 as it hath but one recompence great enough for my re-
 ward.

True

True Love, Madam, is a Spirit extracted out of the whole masse of virtues; and two hearts, so equall in it as they are measured by one another, are the vessels where it is refined, heated naturally by each others eyes, and joyned by pipes as subtil as our thoughts, by which it runs so fast from one into another, as the exchange and the returne are but one instant. And to confirme this doctrine, you Madam by this receit may make it when you please.

Belleſa. The reason then that I have heard Love called a poyson, is, when this Spirit is intended to too high a degree of heat.

Mor. If it be drawn from good ingredients, it cannot rise to an exceſſe. Pure Love is a virtue Madam that hath no extream; and wild desires take but Love's name, as rash blasphemers do repeat the gods by an habitual sinne, by which they only do prophane themselves. It is desire, Madam, you have so oft heard called poyson. 'Tis true, that's a mineral which if it be not well tempered and prepared, is very dangerous; but, so disposed, it quickens the virtue of all it mixeth with.

Bel. Me thinks *Moramente* you conclude, There must be a conformity of two hearts for Love's composition, & so a single one that gets not another to joyn with it cannot attain to Love's perfections.

Mor. Loves perfection Madam, is such a blessing as the gods have, not left in the power of any one to consummate: but, to indear it by the difficulty, have ordained it should depend on the consent of two. This rarity in nature else, would prove too cheap if every single heart could be possesse of it. Therefore I conclude that loves perfection must be such a compacted union of two hearts so close, as there's not so much as even a wish left out between them.

Bel. But how can this be done? For I have heard most women say, that when our hearts are softened so as they are impressible, then men thinke themselves their sovereigns,

images having set their Image on them; and so our hearts are rather wrought into subjection, then that equal union you describe.

Mor. I confesse Madam, there may be men as vain as womens fears: but, vanity though it take many marks upon it selfe, yet leaves but seldome any. It is so light, Love never feels it as it passeth over it; therefore Madam, Vanity doth but polish Love in its own conceit, and so sees it self in it, and pleaseth it self with the reflex without the impression left. But a mans heart possess'd with true love as soone as it perceives but the least gentlenesse, where it is applied to move, then with humble insinuations it works it self under that heart, it means to raise in this injection of it self into it; so that the womans heart is not subjected but exalted by this union.

Belleſa. You conclude then *Moramente*, that all love is a desire refined into the parity in union; and I have heard *Martiro* say, Love's soul was made of the impossibility of union: How can these two be reconciled?

Mor. I have heard of men so long immured up in darknesse, they began to make a sight out of the habie of privation of it: and so despaire at last may thus suppose it self a light, and custome may delude it, and such darke visions Madam are better wondered at then intended to disprove

Bel. I confesse *Moramente*, I incline more to your opinion, as the more clear by far. *Martiro's* lessons are yet too hard for so young a beginner as I; I shall acknowledge my self your pupil as the first I ever understood Love by. I hope you will come abroad now. Pray give me this paper, lest it make you fall into a relapse.

Mor. You are a greater Mistress in love Madam then you know of: for I have not told you half of that I have heard of you, the repetition of which would ease me more then the repetition of all other griefs. I have so desperate a disease, Madam, I cannot hope for a relapse.

Exit

The Shepheard's Paradise.

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Exit Bellesa.

Mora. Can chance be trusted with more treasure then even love can glory in, kindnesse from the divine *Bellesa*? [I shall acknowledg you the first that ere I understood love by.] How well hath she exprest her ignorance in love by speaking thus plainly of it? Thus much understood by her that said it, were theam enough to change my story, and make it more succesfull then ever it was crosse. But this was said by chance, to let me see fortune is so confident in my oppression, as she dare show me joyes in her hand to scorn me by.

Enter Pantamora.

Pan. I wonder *Moramente*, how so much sorrow did remaine for you, since your affliction hath been parted amongst all of us. And none hath taken a larger share of it then I.

Mora. I need not *Pantamora* excuse this sence occasioned by me; since all your sex is interested more in this your losse then any one of ours, as you might glory that she was your own.

Pan. Sure *Moramente* the desire of that glory must have been the rack on which your soul hath been extended to raise your sorrowes thus. Freindship gets not so far within us as to shake us so.

Mora. As freindship appropriates all joy, so *Pantamora* I have wished it as the greatest blessing I could wish the Prince, if he desired it, to appropriate his sorrowes also.

Pan. This is vanity *Moramente*, that lightens through those clouds incompasse it; as if you would seem to present the Prince with all you have, your love, and sorrowes too. I will help you forward *Moramente* by my beleeve that there goes not only your passion, but her sence of it to justify your griefes. And I confesse tis not unlikely you should move wheresoever you should apply.

Mora. I was never so neere any happinesse as even this mistake of yours. For this, *Princesse*, I confesse; I was not
in

in so much certainty of despaire, as in all other good fortunes I have been, because I never saw her, nor she me.

Pan. I confesse I guessed by that neernesse to the Prince your sadnesse did avow you, you might have been employed by him in his passion to *Fidamira*, which we have heard of, either to divert, or delay the match, and from thence derive your interest to so much sorrow. But will you so farr affirme this truth as to professe you love another now? for I cannot allow any thing else but Love such a passion of a noble heart, as this your thoughtfullnesse implies.

Mora. If I did love *Pantamora*, would you infer from thence the justnesse of my greifes, and so conclude me unhappy even by Fate?

Pan. No *Moramente*, It may be I beleeve so of your omen as I would share something in the direction of your love towards the successe of it. For I should impute your misfortune sooner to your own fault in chusing, than to your ordaining Fate.

Mora. Suppose then *Pantamora* I were to love, How would you direct my choice towards an apparency of successe?

Pan. You have a person and a virtue *Moramente* to discredit counsell by mastering improbabilityes. You may succeed in what friendship might be bound to a diffuasion in.

Mora. Tis true, I cannot think my selfe repaired by lesse then all that love can give, since I have suffered all it can inflict. And if I would expose my selfe againe unto the hazard of a wish, it should be such, as but the possibility of it should shame the more apparency of failing in it.

Pan. The attemptingnesse of your spirit is not to be reproved, but you must know that it is not difficulty, should most indeare our undertakings if we may rise by easly unresisted stepps unto an equall height. Tis not the scrambling up a precipice that is to be prefer'd where there

there is equality in all but easiness, there difficulty impaires and not improves the value.

Mora. I suppose *Pantamora*, all love's successe is equally removed from me, therefore would I make a choyce, whose eminent desperateneffe might some way flatter me in the disappointment of my wishes.

Pantamora. There may be such a virtue *Moramente*, as it may make too strict an opposition to it, a fault as an extreame too distant from it; and so, difficulty de priseth what it would set off.

Moramente. Such a virtue as yours *Pantamora* might challenge a complacencie in all its wishes, that insolency in me were more misfortune then loves power reacheth to shame me with.

Pantamora. If you could learn to wish as I do *Moramente*, you'd find much ease in the avoiding of a harsh resistance.

Moramente. As you do *Pantamora*? that's with nothing. You are in a condition never to wish, but out of charity to others.

Pantamora. If so, they are all now imployed on you, that your neereff wishes may end with the same successe as mine.

Moramente. And in returne of this civility, I shall wish no more successe then I beleeve is due to yours.

Exit Pantamora.

Moramente. Can this too, be by chance? Sure 'tis, that each one here's an Oracle of Love. So that all that's said's ambiguous, but even this in the fairest sense could not divert me from *Bellefa's* riddle.

Enter Genorio.

Moramente. I congratulate, *Genorio*, your admission here: what think you of this place? were I not better stay here a while, then venture back so soon into that dangerous ayre where *Fidamira* breathes?

G

Genorio.

Genorio. I believe *Moramente* (for so I now must call you) this place already hath furnished you with such an antidote as you might venture to seek out *Fidamira*, and d.ſie the power of her love. You may much leſſe then, apprehend the danger of the place, from which ſhe hath now removed all virtue, your father's Court.

Moramente. Why? is ſhe gone from thence *Genorio*? didſt thou call her *Saphira* miſtruſting my obligation of a ſorrow great enough for her? or haſt thou plagues in ſtore for me, and doſt produce them thus ſucceſſively, leſt over-charged, I ſhould break all in pieces?

Genorio. No *Moramente*, *Fidamira* is not dead. She is only frighted from your fathers Court by the ſeares of too conſpicuous a life, to avoid the guilt of others ſinns, rumor, and calumny; and guided by her virtue, that was ſhie even to a degree of wildneſſe is fled, and whither known only to the gods: your fathers ſearch hath proved that ſhe is hid from all mortality, his care hath been ſo exquisite.

Moramente. No, I am confident ſhe is not dead by this *Genorio*, I could not have beene ſo long ſuſpended from the ſenſe of ſuch a curſe. She's not ſo much as ſtrayed, for the gods muſt needs guide her in a journey they have ſent her.

Genorio. Me thinks, you ſhould not name the gods without remembrance of the bonds of nature, and of piety you ſtand ingaged to them in; to relieve your father; whoſe tenderneſſe of all your prayers ſinks under the preſſure of a freſher griefe than your unhappy abſence, the flight of *Fidamira*. His goodneſſe is ſuch he ſeares more your imputation of it to the forfeit of his promiſe, then he fears all his preſent ſorrows.

Moramente. I will preſently *Genorio* eaſe him of all thoſe fears by writing to him as from *France*, to thanke him for ſuch honours meant to *Fidamira* as did make good his promiſe. Her ſeares better than her aſſurance
proves

proves it. I will acquaint him too, with the remove of all those sad occasions drew me from him. And I will promise him a speedy and a joyfull meeting, which I will perform too; for at the next election which approacheth now, I will declare my self, and so return.

Genorio. This is the least you owe your father Sir, but all I thinke you can yet spare him, ingaged as you are here.

Moramante. Well *Genorio*, this I resolve; and beleeve, you had rather stay here too then be the messenger. I must now go waite upon the Queen for my acknowledgements for the honour of her visit.

Genorio. I believe *Moramante*, that (Visit) may begin your Letter to your father, but hardly end it with the promise of your Resolve. *Exit Moramante.*

Genorio. O that I could shut up those false lights that dazel thus my faith to *Fidamira*.

Enter Gemella unperceived.

Gemella. I have found *Agenor*, but with a look so heavy as it weighs down his eyes, so as he hath not scene me yet, it is my darknesse that hath so benighted him. I will stay yet unseen, and in the deadeft time of his complaints, this cloud shall break and give him all the light, whose want obscures him so.

Genorio. Have not my eyes attracted poyson strong enough to stop my breath before I do break out into this foule profession of my tainted faith? or may I thus recover, if I can breathe it out through these opening pores, before it seiseth on the nobler parts? I will take *Fidamira*'s name, and try if that can yet expell it before it fix, there's force enough in this Receipt. For this great Cordiall, Love, unlike to others, doth improve its virtue by the habit, not remit it; and, to enforce what I have taken inward her name and memory [he pulls out a picture] I will send this after the infection the same way it did get in, to try if this can overtake it, and so bring it back. I

will not go without this shield before me. 'Tis no indearment blessed Image unto thee, to say, Thou wants but speech: for I confesse, I hear thee, and thou speakest as loud as thunder to me, in so just reproaches, as they welcome the amazement that they bring. Thus armed, I will go on and challenge even *Belleſa* to ſatisfie my injured Love, and to repair his honour. In this ſtrife between theſe two, I'll give the odds of life.

Exit Genorio.

Gemella. I did not think to have found *Agenor* thus o're caſt, he hath out done me in a diſguiſe, he hath blackt o're his ſoul. Have I lived to be obliged to a concealment of my ſelf unto *Agenor* upon my diſcovery of him? O that I had inlightned him, before I had been thus inlightned by him! Thoughts that flye by us like inſtant lightnings never ſo little ill are not emptied ſinns. I might have found him dazelled, and might have freed him from the danger of this darkneſſe he is now conteſting with, and this my blind beliefe might well move me to that: but my miſfortune's ſo exact, as it hath o-verturnd the intention of the heightning of his joy down to the loweſt curſe between us both. I will yet find him out before he meets *Belleſa* with that odds which he hath offered her. I am ſo far from that vanity as I would not conteſt with her, unleſſe advantage given me more then even *Agenor* for the Judge.

Exit Gemella.

Enter Martiro.

Mar. The Queen told me ſhe viſited *Moramente*, and had a great diſcourſe with him of Love, and that ſhe is well ſatisfied with *Moraments* reaſons. Thus much is more in her then a declared fondneſſe in another. It is not feare, ſtruck to ſuch a degree of cold, as makes it poiſonous jealousie, that makes me thus tender of *Belleſa's* loving; nor my deſpair thats ſunk ſo low as malice; but the ſupreamſt admiration that ever ſoul attained to,
that

that sets her so neer the celestial bodyes, as it can allow her for low mortality but such a love as there is, which is but titular, and propitiatory, far above all propriety, which undeifies all we adore. I would not have her bow neerer the world then all the worth of it can set it self to her, which is so far from rising to equallity, as it can scarce get height enough for comprehension of her. Therefore I cannot consent that any thing but souls should e're approach her, and they so purified, as when they rise to heaven. I do not doubt but her high thoughts are even as undeclineable, as my wishes are. And in the beliefe of her being the impossibility she hath commanded me to justifie in Love, I will go write my obedience to her.

Exit Martiro.

Enter the Queen.

Belleſa. What gentle fear is this that murmurs so within my thoughts, like breath of ayre that seems to hold discourse between the leaves? I ne're knew any thing yet so neer Love as the fear of it. But I must still these noyses in my thoughts. For innocence so gentle is, we need not take the pains to blow it off, we may even think't away: therefore I must not give my thoughts the liberty to play with Love, as 'tis an infant; in beliefe that they can rule it.

Enter Moramente.

Moramente. Your Majesty will be pleased to pardon this breach of your privacies, 'twas to perfect the cure you began, by this acknowledgement of my health to your Majesty.

Bel. I receive gladly these acknowledgements as they declare your health, not as they bring me any beliefe of contribution to it.

Mor. To assure you Madam of the virtue of your favour I must acquaint you with newes, by which I have been set up since I saw you, that might have pulled me down as low, as did *Saphiras* death, as I beleevce it will

afflict the Prince as much, *Fidamira's* flight; whither, unknown to all the search the King can make.

But now I am so changed into your creature, that I have sense for nothing but what comes to me through yours.

Bel. Why, Do you think the Prince will be so much moved at this? Is there any Love can give neglect the help of a long absence to joyn against it, and yet master both?

Mor. I do believe Madam, they are strong enemies joyned; but against either of them single, Love will have the better.

Bellefa. You see *Moramante*, I persevere your pupill still. Therefore tell me whether you would choose against you, To be neglected in continual fight, or loved, enjoyned to a perpetual absence.

Moramante. You have almost posed your tutor Madam; I must confesse, that I would chuse the object not the speculation; neglect doth but exclude from that which we never had, but banishment doth interdict us that which is our own, and so becomes the greater curse.

Bellefa. You preferre then *Moramante*, the limited pleasure of one sense before the large extent of all Imaginations. It seemes that you have changed that worthy passion brought you to this place, for some you have found here.

Mora. You were once pleased to tell me my cause resembled much the Prince, in whose name I dare dispute it, not my own. Do you think Madam the Prince is bound never to Love but *Fidimira*?

Bellefa. I yeeld the Prince is free, by her neglect.

Mor. Why did you couple us Madam, and now let us loose both together?

Bellefa. I should not tax you neither, if you loved ne're so many.

Moramante. I doe beleve Madam, I am so unhappy as
to

to be thus indifferent to you. And yet I think if you knew who I loved, you'd punish me, though you could not blame me for't.

Belleſa. Pray tell me not then, I do not love to be unjust.

Moramente. I am ſo unhappy Madam, as it were inſolence in me not to believe you would be ſo. And yet it were a freedom, that all but you muſt be beholding to me for.

Belleſa. Then I ſhould be beholding to you, not to tell me, if it will ſet me at difference with all the World.

Mor. The difference I make between you and all the world will make you diſagree moſt with me, and therefore I'll forbear to let you know it.

Belleſa. I would fall out with nobody for ſo little as to ſatiſſie a light curioſity, therefore I enquire no farther of it.

Mor. Give me leave Madam, to beg this ſatiſfaction from you that you would be pleaſed to gueſſe at it, for I have ſuch a divine beliefe of you, as I conclude you cannot ſo much as be miſtaken in any thing.

Bel. To gueſſe by your opinion, it ſhould be with *Gemella*. She makes you ſuch a full return, at leaſt her commendations promiſe it.

Moramente. 'Tis a ſtrange fate that croſſeth, to be deſpiſed where e're I love, and to be wiſhed well but to my prejudice. But you Madam, have gueſſed as neer as if you had named any other in the whole ſociety. And now Madam, I dare ſay, that your knowledge is but thus wrapt up in darkneſſe to diſguiſe it. I know it by my curſe, your being thus inſenſible.

Belleſa. I muſt give o're then the being your Pupil, ſince you would teach me more then I would Learn.

Moramente. If I remain but with the merit of teach-

ing you your power Madam, though my sufferings be the demonstration of it, I shall endure all with joy.

Belleſa. In theſe high poynts *Moramente*, I underſtand you not. I'll bring *Martiro* to diſpute with you, he may be your Maſter, and teach you how to riſe up to the loving impoſſibilityes, he hath promiſed me to prove the reaſon of it. I'll ſhew it you *Moramente*, that will reconcile you to deſpair.

Moramente. You have already Madam ſhewed me the impoſſibilityes, and I already find reaſon enough for loving them, your wil.

Belleſa. You are miſtaken *Moramente*, in the finding of my wil, more then I was in the finding of your Love; even my ill wil is not eaſily found, and much leſſe that which you ſeem to ſeek.

Exit Belleſa.

Mor. No certainty hath been a torment great enough for me; muſt I now ſuffer doubt, which hath not ſo much eaſe as a deſpair was curſe enough to fit me with?

I could have reſolved on any thing that could have fallen on me; but this ſuſpension is a Rack, whoſe waving ſlackneſs is the height of torture, which excludeth a patience towards the eaſe of the indurance. I cannot impute theſe words to chance. I am enlightned even thus far for a curſe, to ſee ſhe underſtands my paſſions. I ſhall declare my ſelf, and joyne the name of Prince to that of Lover, to aſſiſt me. No, I will try once more the ſingle ſtrength of *Moramente*, which if it prove too weak, I'll call that of Prince for my Auxiliary; which muſt needs help me to be wondered at, if not beloved. Sure *Martiro* hath not broke his faith for ſo little as *Belleſa's* information; it muſt be for his own indearment, and my diſtance from her.

Enter Martiro.

Mor. Is the Queen this way, *Moramente*?

Mor.

Mor. She's newly parted hence, *Martiro.*

Mor. I am seeking her with a command of hers, and so have only time to tell you that freedom to a noble hart doth not let loose a secret, but allowes it more room as 'twere a recreation, and that impression trust makes on vertue, seals in that instant what it opens. And beleeve me *Miramante* you shall allwayes finde the marks unbroken up.

Exit Martiro.

Mor. This must be true too for the exactness of my curse, that there may not be so much reason, as an ill office for her scornes, but all Antipathy. I will dispatch to my father as I have promised *Genorio*, The circle now of *Bellesas* reigne is almost closed, and the last point that perfects that, shall open me away unto that end I owe my fate.

Exit Moramante

Enter Mellidoro and Camena

Mel. If my own joyes were not sufficient to proclaim the debt I owe you *Camena*, the terror of those sufferings of which I am judge, and not a party, might well indeare this, even security, that you have settled me in.

Came. Methinks indeed we two are only fixt, the rest in perplexed motions crosse on another. What a storm of passions is amongst us now?

Meli. We *Camena* are arived at Love's supreamest region, where there is all serenity and evennesse; there's not a breath of wind to ruffle this our smoothnesse: and from thence we look down on others, that are gon no higher then the second region yet, where's allwaies roughnesse and stormes that blow against them.

Cam. Are there not some so happy loves as to arrive at this high station of secure joyes, without ere passing through this harsh uneasy way?

Meli. There is a lower region *Camena*, where common unrefined lovers stay, and joy in flat security, whose pleasure is but an acquiescence. But all aspiring love that seeks to pitch it selfe in this sublimity of joy and glory, must passe

pass through this middle region, where it findes a stormy opposition.

Cam. This is the passage then, which *Moramente*, *Genorio*, and *Martiro*, are disputing now; I do confesse I do pittie *Moramente*, and I could wish mine into *Bellefa*.

Mel. Why? do you think, *Camena*, that *Bellefa* and *Pantamora* are not moved? do you think that women are like windes, that do not feel the storms they raise?

Cam. I do beleeeve *Bellefa* so unmoved, she doth not understand the storm you speak of by the noyse of it, *Pantamora* hath a restless humor, to which no motion is disquiet, nor no noyse a storme.

Meli. Do you not beleeeve *Camena*, that *Bellefa* doth act the Queens part more then her own, in this distancing of her selfe from any sense of *Moraments* love?

Cam. I do not know. Methinks she hath so equall and significant a liberty, as it speakes all things that she doth naturall, as I beleeeve her the perfection of our sex. I cannot think her voyd of sense, but I beleeeve it sinks no deeper then the face of that civility, where men do see it set, and make a returne to *Moramente*.

Mel. Love *Camena* makes his approaches according to the hart it sets upon. All harts well fortified have outworkes, which must be taken first, civility and freedome of discourse; and lodged once there, there he begins his batteries. *Moramente* hath taken these outworks, and therefore I beleeeve he may endanger all the rest.

Cam. I beleeeve so well of *Moramentes* discretion, I think it will not pretend to more then *Bellefas* honor promiseth. Which is enough to make him happy, to be so discreet to humor him.

Mel. How much do you think her humor will afford?

Cam. Leave to be adored, and to be told so discreetly of it, as you may give her leave to answer.

Mel. And is this enough for a discreet love to live upon?

upon; So you'll allow Love nothing but his wits to live upon.

Cam. Tis the best portion he can have *Melidoro*, and upon that stock Love cannot want, though he be often put to his shifts. There's nothing so sure a maintenance to leave, as witt. Tis subject to no casualty.

Mel. You have given me the reason I sought, how *Martiro's* love subsists: no body knowes who he serves, or what it hath to entertaine it self. Sure then it must live by its wits.

Cam. *Martiro's* love is a proof of what I say. We see it lives nobly, and is beholding unto no body.

Mel. That which is a disease in nature then, is a good constitution in love, The living without nourishment. And I do so little envy this singularity, as I may safely be allowed to wonder at it, how this darke passion could hover so long above us without ever making of a point.

Cam. I will comply with him so much, as not to guesse at it, for feare I light of it but by chance. Methinks *Genorios* clouds begin to break already, and send forth some light that glimmers yet between *Bellefa* and *Pan-samora*.

Mel. Do you think, he that so lately was deaths Herald, will so soon change sides, and serve the adverse party Love?

Cam. 'Twas in loves service that he tooke that commission, and tis but changing colors, and serving the same party still.

Enter Bellefa and Gemella.

Bel. Fear not *Gemella*, Men are not so subject to despair; the least ambiguous word will hold them, they will stay themselves even by the finest thread they can but catch before they sink. Gentle *Camena*, as much joy waite on your wishes, as I dare say you wish to mine.

Cam. You r condition and person Madam, save your servants the paine of wishes, and leave them only that of being incapable of admiring you enough.

Enter.

Enter Genorio, looking on a Picture.

Gem. I was here before him, but now must venture my patience and my love.

Gen. I am now grown so strong, 'tis too much odds to be thus armed, and too great a revenge on *Belleſa* to shew her this my strength, she will beleeve herselfe weakened by it. I shall be so farr from loving her, she will not love her selfe.

Bel. What's that *Genorio*, your eyes so fixtly seem to call your mind upon? Hath it with-drawn your tongue too?

Gen. T was a little manuall of devotion I was looking over. It was so long Madam since I had read it, I had almost forgot it.

Bel. Let me see't, *Genorio*. I do not think but I can shew you as good a one.

Gen. I beleeve that, Madam. Sure never any body contested with you to your face. And I, Madam, yeeld without shewing.

Bel. No *Genorio*, I will shew with you: flattery is so ill in nothing as in piety.

Gen. Give me leave Madam only to yeeld now, and another time, to shew you I had reason. I will put the book into your hands, you shall peruse it.

Bel. I will be civiller then you *Genorio*. I'll yeeld to your refusall, since you will not to my desire.

Gen. To shew you, Madam, that even your curiosity is already above my devotion, and more deare to me, I'll put this into your hands, whose shewing is a mark of yeelding.

Bel. Now I must aske your pardon, *Genorio*. This is a devotion which I yeeld to at first sight, without examining how much you are addicted to it. Look here *Gemella*, here's a face that makes your colour better then mine as you cannot blush to see it.

Gem. Tis a lovely face, and you may safely commend it.

it, Me-thinks I have seen somewhere a face, that upon a little thinking I should know this picture by.

Gen. As beauty is best exalted by comparison, you Madam may receive this as a devotion to you, but I believe all beauty is so assuredly your trophy, as 'tis no merit to bring any to you.

Bel. This is such a face *Gemella*, there must go much virtue in a woman to the loving of it, because it is not easie to do so.

Gem. Madam, I remember now who 'tis. As I past by the Court I had curiosity, hearing *Fidamira* so much talked of for the Prince his Mistressse, to see her, and I remember perfectly Madam this is her Picture.

Gen. 'Tis true Madam, 'tis her you have taken from me.

Bel. I have borrowed it *Genorio*, to restore it you better, by as much as our admiration can improve it.

Gem. It would be cruelty Madam to keep it, for surely he is in love with her.

Gen. As I am with you *Gemella*. And if you Madam are but pleased with looking on't as you seem to be, you may be pleased to keep it, and I shall love it then better than ever, as it pleaseth you.

Bel. Let not your civility *Genorio* be so bold with your Love, make much of this Picture, for they may say she is fled out of all knowledge, so, that not so much as her Picture is likely to be had againe.

Gen. It may be Madam, she is gone to search that lost which she once cast away, the Prince. Womens esteemes are governed by uncertainties: but had I loved her neer so much, she could not take this ill, to be left in your hands.

Gem. *Fidamira*'s valuation of her faith above a Crown assures me she cannot let it fall so low, as the seeking to put it off.

Bel. Here *Genorio*, take your Picture; and in your private

vare devotions recant this dissembling of your faith.

Enter Martiro.

Bel. Here comes *Martiro* that is so tender of his Mistress Picture, he's afraid the aire should fade the colours, and therefore shewes it us but veiled.

Mar. My Love Madam is not materiall but elementary fire, whose purity and rarity makes it imperceptible. I have obeyed you Madam in making the impossibility of the knowledge of it visible.

Bel. We will all heare it then, since we can't see it, Come *Camena*, and *Melidore*, this is your love inverted, and you may safely heare without conversion.

Mar. I will read them to you, Madam.

I'le ask no more love's strangest raptures why
They speak so much impossibility
Since love hath taught me to beleeve, and prove,
It is the essence of transcendent love.
To make even love corporeall, and subsist
You must allow't a soul that may resist
Reason: and wonder needs must be that soul,
For nothing else can reason so controule.
If grosse materiall love do then aspire
So high as wonder for a soul, then higher
Must that spirituall and sublimate,
That's not extracted out of will, but Fate,
Derive its soul, and higher must imply
Then wonder needs, impossibility.
Since then pure love will take its soul but thence,
From whence is vilified our noblest sence,
This sets supreamest love above event
And proves all sensuall lovers impotent.
My love's not that materiall flame,
That's let but by attraction from the same.
It is a lightning in my soule, which is
Kindled by an Antiperistasis.

It is so farr above our common sense
As contrarieties make it more intense.
Nor can this meteor Love remit it's heat,
It needs no fomentation, but it's seat,
Where no terrestriall exhalations are
It shall be fixt, and be a blazing starr.

Bel. Sure *Martiro* they that could understand these verses might know your Mistress, the impossibilities to me seem equall. But we will send for *Moramante*. It concerns him to disprove them; *Gemella*, pray call *Moramante*.

Mar. This is the reason Madam, not the passion which is to be understood.

Mel. Why? will you bring reason *Martiro* for impossibilities?

Mar. I *Melidoro*, and so good as 'tis impossible for you to understand. You have a limited Horizon terminates your thoughts, that reach no farther then your senses carrie them. They must be shot up to the top of speculations, to be eaven with the understanding this.

Mel. And I shall not envie these your winged thoughts that help you thus above ground.

Mar. And I shall still think my selfe above any foundation you can stand upon.

Enter Gemella, Moramante, Pantamora.

Gem. Madam I met *Moramante* & *Pantamora* coming.

Bel. I sent for you *Moramante*, to make good my promise, that *Martiro* would prove the height of love reach'd to impossibilities. And he hath written on that argument.

Mor. I should be glad to heare that it were possible to say neere reason on this theam.

Bel. I pray *Martiro* read your verses o're againe they may endure repetition.

Mar. I shall obey you, confident of *Moraments* judgment, if not assent. [*Martiro* reads his verses again.]

Mora.

Mor. I conceive your meaning *Martiro*, that since all love must have a soul as high as wonder, some may rise as high as impossibility: this, Madam is a point of faith, not to be disproved by reason, because it denies all principles in love. I would onely ask *Martiro* whether his love did not passe first through his senses up to his imagination; and so the impossibility of staying there, conveyed it where now it is pitched; and it was necessity, not choice that drew it up so high.

Mar. No *Moramente*: My love had ne're so low a thought as hope, it rose within my soul which did disdain alwayes to wish for any thing out of its owne power. I never did expose it to the hazard of a wish, the nature of it was Angelicall, at first infinite, without need of propagation.

Mor. As miracles *Martiro* are not to be disproved, so are they not to be alledged for arguments, in this case *Martiro* you may not onely allow your wishes, but your contribution to all others love.

Bel. Sure *Moramente*, it is a great security in love *Martiro* hath attained, to have all his wishes in his power.

Mar. You Madam are in such a security as you have not power to wish.

Bel. Learne *Moramente* of *Martiro* to assure your love thus by making it impossible.

Mor. I will learne that Madam of none but you.

Gem. (Whispers to *Moramente*) And learne of me to hope.

Exeunt all but Genorio, and Gemella.

Gen. Vouchsafe me a word *Gemella*. What injury did you foresee I would do you, that you would advance me such a discourtesie?

Gem. That I may assure you *Genorio*, I did not suspect any injury from't. I would certainly have forgiven you if I had, and not have been in danger of revenge which this discourtesie

discourtesie I know not of, might by a carelesse innocence seem to resemble.

Gen. It seemes indeed you did not care so much whether it were true, or no, when you told the Queen I was in love with *Fidamira*, since you could not so much, as guesse by any thing you know.

Gem. If I had said, she had been in love with you, you might have been offended at such a temptation unto vanity, considering her story. But I thought the Queen's opinion of the Picture would have indebted you to me for such a choice.

Gen. Do you think *Gemella* that any face, even with a promised faith to help it, could defend it selfe against *Bellefa*? Could you think then that a Picture could have life enough, even to remember what it was?

Gem. I believe *Genorio* faith much more lovelier then beauty: and it must needs be so; since all beauty doth but aspire to it, and 'tis the greatest Miracle beauty can wish, creating more then it selfe, which is doth producing faith. I would not allow all the worlds beauty to contest with *Bellefa*; but I should preferre the least faith before all her beauty: my face with such advantage might dispute with hers.

Gen. I am glad *Gemella* you have told me how pretious and excellent a thing faith is: sure, it is the fitter for a sacrifice to the divine *Bellefa*.

Gem. 'Tis of a strange nature *Genorio*, 'tis onely pretious kept, not given away: as soon as we would lose it; to transerre it annihilates and becomes nothing, to show us, that as soon as we intend its prophanation, it can punish us, by leaving us onely an impotency of having any, instead of the power we would take to dispose of it.

Gen. I do confesse *Gemella*, all passions but love break faith, as they carry it from one unto another: but that may convey it as intire as spirits may be powred from one glasse into another without losse of virtue.

Gem. 'Tis true *Genorio*, when love begins to work upon it to transference it, it ceaseth then to be in us; and therefore love would disguise the losse of it by the pretence of our disposing of it: when indeed there is no faith left, but the believing love, by which we seem to justify our infidelity.

Gem. Would you censure one of infidelity that should but change his invocation, to raise his devotion up to a more dignified, and glorious Saint? why, *Belleſa* is the supremacy it selfe of love, and all appeales are due to her from all love's lower seats.

Gem. Me-thinks *Genorio*, it were an injury to such a Judge to appeale upon confession of a perjury. Think *Genorio*, what a sentence you can expect, when you are so bold to bring guilt to plead for you. I perceive you did love *Fidamira*, and now you would bring your broken faith unto *Belleſa*, as a scarre you have received in her service, by which you would pretend reward. Suppose she should receive you into love's Hospitall: faire charitable pittie; this were all the preferment you could hope, to be entertained to praise her goodnesse, if she forgive the crime.

Gem. My crime to *Fidamira* must needs be meritorious to *Belleſa* and Me-thinks I cannot feare any thing so low in love with her, as all that I could hope with *Fidamira*.

Gem. Mark *Genorio*, how you are already punished for your inconstancy, in your own choice of an assured torment; for 'twere a derogation from her not to believe it; and consider what an affliction it will be to you to be the first that must make her a curse to any thing. And I confesse I cannot pittie you.

Gem. O say not so *Gemella*, I was resolved to beg more of you. Do you think I would have cast away such a secret without the hope of a returne? I have lessened that to you, which you call sin, the breach of faith, by having so intire a one of your virtue and honour as to trust you so.

Gem.

Gen. Faith, *Genorio*, is all the beauty nature hath bestowed on me; and I am interrested as much in her disfiguring, as handsome women would believe themselves obliged, not to protect a man, that had by violence defaced one of that company. Therefore all you can expect from me, is, not to conspire a revenge, which I will promise you.

Gen. I do believe you so generous, *Gemella*, as even an injury done you would not discourage me, from a pretence to courtesie. This is one, I may believe, you take upon you, to endear the charity you may vouchsafe me. You may defeat even my ill destiny, which cannot have malignity enough to resist the virtue of your intending my felicity.

Gen. I will already be so charitable, as to prevent your saying that, which must oblige me to a contribution to your misery. You may know by this, I understand what you would ask of me: I will forget it, and leave you, and onely tell you my fears, and not my wishes in your fortune. You shall live to see your wishes so enjoyed, you shall not dare to own them. And you shall so repent this your sin, your sad contrition shall be such, it shall not hope forgiveness when you see your Judge, whose sight shall, notwithstanding, make your wishing it, a well proportioned torment.

Gen. There cannot be, *Gemella*, such a sin in loving of *Bellefa*, as repentance. You have forespoke a curse is not in my misfortune's power.

Gen. I will assure you, I am not so unhappy as to wish it.

Exit Gemella.

Gen. I broke my heart to pieces, *Elidamira*, first, before I broke my faith, to try if I could loosen this chain, *Bellefa*'s eyes, Love's surest Engines had fastned it: And as it was falling a pieces, it fell upon *Bellefa*'s eyes, that have so joynd it now, I find it a chain of flame that cannot be unlinked. Those links of faith and honour that should

pull me back to *Fidamira*, I find are now so soft, as they melt away, set by this chain of Love. Sure, Love hath strange joy in store for me, for it already hath turned all the blessings that I had, into frights, the memory of *Fidamira*, and the Prince's trust. I must no more appear to *Basilino* the figure that I was; I must become a perspective, looked on at distance, whose hollowness is a delight, though a deceit. I must have Arches and Vaults to hide my love, when I do show myself. Me-thinks Love prompts me this to answer all my fears.

Why should we fear, bold Love, when though it brings Us to a Precipice, we know hath wings?

Enter Moramente.

Gen. Look where he comes, I must now try whether his love be above his trust to me. What melancholly is this, *Moramente* that is so dark, as seems to draw a traverse between your trust and me?

Moramente. Can you be in doubt *Genorio* of the causes of my sadness when you brought them me? do you thinke the world can furnish any more after *Saphira's* death, and *Fidamira's* flight?

Genorio. Yes *Moramente* I doe believe a present passion may over-cast more then the darkest memory of misfortunes past; which both those are, which you have named.

Moramente. It seems *Genorio*, you relye so much upon your prophesies, as you believe I have exchanged my sorrows here.

Genorio. No *Moramente*, I beleeve that all the virtue of this place is vented upon your happinesse; and that you are possessed of joyes, which your modesty makes you even scrupulous to shew me, lest it might resemble vanity.

Moramente. I could not have so much as ease *Genorio*, which would not be lessened by the fault of the concealment of it from thy trust. If I had a new affliction, the

the tenderneſſe of thee might juſtifie the keeping that unto my ſelf.

Genorio. This needs not *Moramente*, I am already prepared with as high a ſenſe of your joyes as this deſcent to the extreamity of feare can raiſe me to ; and let your bleſſings be never ſo ſacred , you ought not to keep them vailed from me.

Moramente. You ſuppoſe then *Genorio*, I love, and with ſucceſſe. I did not think I had been ſo neer a happineſſe as even a friends miſtake. I had thought my croſſe-fate had been known to every body, to warn them even from wiſhing me well , leſt they might ſhare in my miſfortune. But I perceive your love *Genorio* will venture ſo far, as to ſuppoſe me happy.

Gen. Nay fir, I am ſo confident of your fate, as I dare reſuſe your beleefe in the diſcredit of it. I can diſprove you by inſtinct of nature. *Belleſa* and you have an Identity in your beings, you are the perfection of both ſexes, and therefore cannot be averſe to one another.

Mora. I thought how probable your gueſſes would prove, *Genorio*. Why, they are grounded on a parity with *Belleſa* : you could not have found in all the world ſuch an impoſſibility to have inferred my good fortune by. And I believe you now *Genorio*, I am now as neer being happy, as being equal to *Belleſa*, between whom there is as much diſtance as between poſſeſſion and deſpair.

Genorio. Had I believed there could have been a greater exaltation of *Belleſa's* worth , then being made to make you happy, I would have raiſed her by it, for I dare vye admirations of *Belleſa*, even with you.

Mor. You muſt learn higher expreſſions then, *Genorio* than to match her with mortality : but 'tis a ſubject ſilence can better comprehend, then you or I illuſtrate ; therefore lets fall lower to what we underſtand, my fathers condition, and his deſire of my return. I have already writ to him in promiſe of my return, and aſſured him

Fidensira is only thought of now by me, by the fears of his affliction, not my Love.

Genorio. You have done piously, and wisely Sir: this next election which is very neere will give you a fair opportunity for your fathers wish, if not your own.

Mor. Come *Genorio*, let's go see the Queen, and prepare our selves for the ceremony instituted for the Foundresse, and the Princes memory.

Genorio. I will waite on you Sir,

Exit Moramente.

I am happy thus far even in this reservation from me, which allows my prosecution of my Love without more breach of my faith to my Prince.

Exit Gen.

Enter Gemella.

Gemella. The contemplation of inconstancy hath justified *Agenor* to me; 't has taken off the fault from him, and laid it upon nature. I find all things were made for a vicissitude of exchange; not only here below, but even above: they say the heavens are in restless motion, and I am sure that the earth which they say is fixt, is in continual change. It alters so, as we should not know it were the same, did we not know that it must change. And time, that changeth all things, is it self by fortune changed in this general earth-quake. Then how can we hope for an unmoved constancy in Love?

And men that single are so variable before, and joyning lightness so much more.

'Tis I then for being constant among all these changes are unnatural, this was the miracle *Agenor* prophesied at our parting. I was destin'd to the retaining of my faith, after the losse of his, provoked by his intent of making me the procurer of my own spoiles unto another. This injury I lay on my disguise, and to discharge him of it, he shall not have so much an ill office from me towards his being despised by *Bellese*. I begin now to find, that there is no danger of his being preferred by any but my

my selfe, before the Prince whom now I find the gods so justly love, as I am made a sacrifice to his presage of never being enjoyed by man. I doubt not but his fate will soone accomplish mine upon *Agenar*, and were it not for his happinesse, I would not wish any thing so neer revenge.

Exit Gemella.

Enter Pantamora.

Pan. Unless I should my selfe unvail my love, and so prophane it by shewing that, which I would have sought to with reverence; I cannot put a more transparent cover over it. I have shewed it through so clear a tiffany as the least breath of *Moramente's* would have blown away. And he ma-thought did hold his breath, as if he had been afraid to see't. Sure womens loves are emblemed well by cockatrices eyes. It gives, if it be first seene, a power ore it selfe, which it gets on another that it discovers first. I have not yet so little reason for selfe love, as to venture it upon so doubtfull a returne, as *Moramente's* seemes to be. Sure he hath discovered some modest tendernes in *Bellefa*, that begins to bow her from that straight indifference she seems planted in. There cannot be so much difference between us as between hope and dispaire.

Sure *Gemella* is the darke lanthorne that opens some light to *Moramente*. I will rather give my own sex the advantage of doubting there may be one preferred, than any man the vanity to think that I could, else be thus indifferent to him.

As soone as I this truth shall prove
So soon shall I leave off to love.
And love will lose by 't more then I,
Men will find other wayes to court me by.

Enter Bellefa, Martiro, Gemella.

Bel. That were too much *Gemella*, sure vanity is rather in your country then here: 'tis true, 'tis of another colour

colour, lightsome and bright, therefore it may be unknown amongst you.

Gem. Why Madam, are men in love here subject to so much leightnes, as they must alwayes keep in the dark for feare of running mad? do you use here to make love and scorne both of a colour?

Bel. No *Gemella*, but the first ground whereon all love's figures are wrought must be somewhat dark; it sets off all the colours that are layd upon it.

Gem. But these colours Madam must be set within distance, else the ground and they are all one.

Bel. There is no man but hath a perspective of vanity about him, by which he lessens the distance of his wishes which he looks upon.

Gem. I beleeeve Madam there are some men so over-cast with humble diffidence they could not know love if they saw it. Madam aske *Martiro*.

Bel. What say you *Martiro*, Is not vanity now a dayes so quick sighted, as it perceives the least color of kindnesse women can shew at any distance?

Mar. Vanity Madam sees by the emission of its own rayes, not by the reception of the object. And therefore may not only reach most distant lights; but, as it were, strike fire in the dark. But this irradiation of themselves is not in all mens eyes. There are some fil'd up with admiration so, as they see nothing but an optick-light.

Bel. Why even such men are vaine, *Martiro*, in this elevation of their thoughts above the height of wishes.

Mar. If this be vanity Madam, tis elementary and not materiall. The purity and delicacy of it, is such, it doth not burne, tis only nutritive to love, and not offensive.

Gem. You need not *Martiro* read such lectures in the ayre unto the Queen, she is already distant from love's visibility above imagination.

Bel. *Gemella* would perswade me *Martiro*, I might love without a declination of my selfe. *Mar.*

Martiro. Love, Madam, appropriates what it joynes unto it selfe, and doe you think a partner in the sovereignty of your selfe were not halfe a deposition?

Gem. This insensiblenesse you counsell *Martiro*, is rather an admission to equality, leaving all hearts free, and *Bellefa's* can be no more it selfe. Tis an enlargement of her sovereignty to take homage from such hearts as shall bow down to offer it. If you will give selfe-love *Martiro* the empire that women should glory in, how limited will that be when they shall have no subject but themselves? All I counsell the Queen is, that she would know her selfe too. For beauty sees it selfe best, by the reflexes that it makes on objects whereon it shines.

Mar. A heart that looks at first for so much from the Queen as an acknowledgment, sets too high a price upon it. Should every meanest subject pretend to have his name known to his Sovereign because he is what he should be? It must be some eminent service must allow him that pretence for a reward. And the sovereignty of love is distanced more from the approach of any subject to it. No blood, qualities, nor no fortune rayseth neerer then the common prostituted crowde. All are commons in an equall slavery, and the pretention to advantage is rebellion.

Bel. Therefore *Gemella*, the Queen is not obliged to look so low as even the knowledge of any of her Subjects, till their services not their subjection challenge it, and then the taking notice of it, is all she should give.

Bellefa. This an Empire you have found for your Mistressse, *Martiro*, and 'tis a spacious one, 'tis all ayre, your thoughts are not subject to any thing sure so low as earth.

Gemella. I dare say Madam, his Mistressse, who e're she be, reacheth not so neer divinity in any of his exaltations of her, as you do in this humility.

Mar.

Mar. You have exalted Madam my Mistress higher then e're my thoughts could set her, the taking of her Name into your mouth. I beleeve she is so much worthier than even my Imaginations of her, as even the noblest of your thoughts cannot exceed her. I am glad Madam, to hear that miracles are not ceased, it lessens much the wonder, the being made for you.

Bellefa. You are in such a transcendent height above all sense *Martira*, as me-thinks miracles should not amaze you. Come *Gemella*, we must prepare our selves for the funeral Ceremonies of the Foundresse and the Prince.

Gemella. I'll waite on you Madam. But shall I carry him no comfort, not so much as an ambiguous word?

Bellefa. You see *Gemella*, I have so little confidence in men, I dare not trust *Martira's* counsell, that ought to be the most unsuspected, as my antient friend.

Gem. If I can make something out of this nothing Madam, you cannot be offended.

Mar. I must flye to silence to collect an admiration great enough for this miracle I hear.

Enter the King.

Exeunt.

King. As dying men whose spirits having run out their course are now so out of breath, they can scarce carry the soul one step farther; yet sometime as she is going out of them, refreshed with some strong cordiall, the spirits rise againe, and hold her there a while: Like lamps exspiring when they shut their eyes, given but a drop of oyle, dart forth an instant flash, and live a while, not by that life that they had left, but did receive anew. This was my case. My spirits had scarce so much motion left as panting, when they received this Cordiall, this so sovereign remedy, as it hath recovered a King, whose disease it was before the being so. I find more then a reflection
of

of my spirits in change of them into a youthfullnesse. I am already grown better then he that ministred this cure *Basilino*, by as much as I Love *Fidamira* more then he. [I thinke on *Fidamira* now onely by the sense of your afflictions for her, which if you had forgot I should once more think of her to rejoyce at your forgetting her, and never more.] Now *Fidamira* I am free to think of thee which I doe fully. I will forget even that which is so hard, to doe, my age, I cannot be so old. I have been all this while in wardship to my Son, he hath till now disposed of my love. I am to day but come of years, and now my passions come into my own hands, which I will all bestow on *Fidamira*.

*He reads in
Basilinoe's
Letter.*

This from *Basilino* must imply that some successe hath so posselt his thoughts, as the remembrance of his sufferings cannot get so much as one, and onely my affliction now can make him think that he is capable of any: he hath such superfluities of joyes, as I am fed out of his waste. I find my body and my soul so reconcil'd, the one offers curiosity, the other strength to satisfie it. A visit to the Shepheards Paradise is a design worthy the newnesse of my thoughts, the election of their Queen is now within three or four dayes, and I have heard of such eminent beauty there, that it will be the greatest right I can doe *Fidamira* to carry her memory thither to disflurate even their faces.

I'le aske no more of love but being thus kind
He would conforme my body to my mind.

Exit King.

Enter

*Enter the Society to the Ceremony; and after other
ceremonies past, Votario approaches
the Tomb.*

Votario.

Admir'd payr! whose wonders did perplex

All judgement to decide to either sex
Advantage, so each chose to live alone,
Lest joyning so, the one might th' other own
And so you both, did one another love
Too well to be but one, untill above
Meeting, you were ordain'd to be but one
And now shine in a constellation.
Vouchsafe that by your sacred influence
We may be drawn to follow you from hence.

Belleſa. Peace wait upon your soules which seem t'
havⁿ been.

Such as you dyed, but for reward not sin.
Our virtues here even in their best extent
Are but erected for your monument.

Pantamora. Fair parallels whose souls so purely met,
It seems that they your bodies did forget,
Each being more then all the world forbore
The having one another to have more.
So short of you our imitation staves,
As we can hardly reach you with our praise.

Mor. Wonder of women on whose chastity
Heaven hath bestow'd such a posterity.
As is a self perpetuation
Without the help of propagation.
We thus your Children in our yearly taske
Come here to leave our prayers, and blessing ask.

Cam.

Cam. Rest glorious couple in that greater blisse
You went to take, when you did leave us this.
Be pleas'd your virtues back to us to send,
Now they have brought you to your journey's end.

Mel. You that were such your virtues ask't no lesse
Reward from Heaven, than all the world to blisse.
Even after you were gone, so did entice
The Gods to let you make a Paradise
For mortalls, which your virtues still implore,
That following you, we may yet owe you more.

Mar. Divineſt Lovers, 'bove the praise of breath,
So much you scorn'd to joyne by lesse than Death.
By which emission you so much enjoy,
As one another would but seem a toy.
Accept this tribute, and our souls inspire,
So farre tow'rds your example, as desire.

Gem. Illustrious Lights of honour, and of Love,
We but your shaddowes are that shine above.
Vouchsafe t' obtaine that we, as shaddowes do,
May be admitted too, to follow you.

Gen. Blessed souls that coppied Heaven here so
Together, as each other not to know.
I find these marks which Paradise imply,
As gain of sight, and losse of memory.
This scruple onely now doth here remaine,
That I cannot from wishing yet refrain.
If it were ment this Heavenly residence,
Should but refine, and not extinguish sence.
Let it my grosser spirits so refine,
As my undarken'd soul may through them shine.

The Fifth Act.

*After the Ceremony of the Toomb, Genorio
[Fayes alone.]*

Gen. **M**E-thinks I find my mind on wing, loose from my senses, which like limed twigs held it till now. It is so light, and so ascensive now, it meanes to work it selfe above *Martiroes*. I am already so farre towards it, as the belife that I did never love till now. O how I was deceived, while I conceived that Love was so Materiall it could be touched, and grasp'd? I find it an undepending ayринesse that both supports, and fills it selfe, and is to be felt by what it nourisheth, no more then aire, whose virtue onely we discern. I knew before, all I could have. I am so farre above that now, I cannot suppose what I can hope, and yet am better pleased with this, this inoffensive purity of my love emboldens me to shew it to *Bellefa*, and in humillity to her, it shall ask somewhat of her, as begging is the onely Present impotency hath to make to power, and it shall be so far from being sensuall, it shall be nothing but belife.

Enter Bellefa.

Bel. Your sadnesse seemes so welcome to you, as I may excuse the interruption of it.

Gen. You are so farre from interruption of it Madam, as you bring the cause along with you.

Bel. Have you not yet forgiven my curiosity to see the Picture? are you of *Martiroes* mind?

Gen. Why she's an Angell even in the knowledge of mens thoughts. I? what, Madam, do you think I am of *Martiroes* mind?

Bel. In keeping your love invisible, and therefore are displeased that we saw so much as the shaddow of it.

Gen.

Gen. I am not of his mind in that. I would shew mine, because 'tis such a wonder, 't will not else be believed, and as wonders Madam hardly obtaine that, so mine shall pretend to no more,

Bel. Do you pretend *Genorio* to be a friend unto the Prince, and will make the Loving *Fidamira* a wonder in any body?

Gen. Yes Madam, that were a greater, after having seen you, then that which I shall tell you.

Bel. I have onely leisure now to tell you *Genorio*, that in revenge of this flattery, I will accuse you of it to your friend *Moramante*, who loves the Prince so much, as he will chide you for it. I am now going into a privacy, I must desire to leave you.

Gen. I am so cursed Madam, as truth seemes dis-lustred by my bringing it. I never committed sinne enough against another, to be equall to this punishment of leaving you. [To what am I transformed when the name *Fidamira* is a torture to me?] *As He goes out,
He sayes.*

Bellefa alone.

Bel. Sure *Moramante* hath imploy'd his friend *Genorio* to save him the shame of speaking for himselfe, *Genorio* speaks so boldly it must needs be for another. I need not be so shie of this my thoughtfullnesse, since all the virtues they should fix upon, are here objected to them in *Moramants* carriage; Love and honour bent by humility into a lovely Arch, on which my thoughts may safely passe on towards his person; which when I consider I find it such, as scarce needs humility to recommend it. His Fate hath so directed him to me, as he hath had a reall sence of my misfortune, and his destiny hath been so kind to him in that, as to indebt me some pittie to him, as my selfe and the reviving of *Saphira*, though it be by *Bellefa's* death, 't will not be welcome to him. Me-thinks my thoughts would take aire a little to refresh themselves.

That

That Infant love that's come to visit them, would carry them abroad with him; they shall go with him, and be so civill as to entertaine him with musick.

Presse me no more kind love, I will confesse
And tell you all, nay rather more than lesse.
So you will promise me, when I have told you then
Not to bring me to witnesse it to men.
Though thusy 'are strong enough to make me speak,
Help't out by virgin-shame you'le be too weak.
If I find thus I may be safely free,
Best by this freedom I engag'd may be.
I find a glowing heat that turnes red hot
My heart, but yet it doth not flame a jot,
It doth but yet to such a colour turne,
It seemes to me rather to blush than burne.
You would perswade me that that flaming light
Rising will change this colour into white,
I would fain know if this whites inference
Pretend pale guilt, or candid innocence.
If you you will tell me which, without deceipt,
I will allow you light as well as heat.
Then take you care of me, a meane so rare
Betwixt mens vanity, and their dispaire.

I finde so gentle drowlinesse flow o're my senses, as if my thoughts had wearied them in carrying them thus farr; and my thoughts are so innocent they do not oppose the rest my senses ask.

She falls a sleep. And Moramente enters to her.

Mor. Was it the rapture my soule was allwayes in, when she contemplates the divine *Belleſa*, that did present her voyce unto me here in heaven? Sure it was: her

*He sees her here
lie sleeping and
stands wonder-
ing,*

soul, uselesse now unto her body, is gon to visit heaven, and did salute the Angels with a song. Let sleep no more be called death's Image, here is an animation of it. Sure, all the life that sleep takes from the

the rest of the world he hath brought hither and lives here. Methinks I should be innocent too now. Sure had I but even an ill coloured thought, her soul that is in heaven would know it, and come back to awake her with the alarm. I will stay at this distance still, and only take this advantage now to wonder. Neerer her thus parted from her soule then I can do, united [he goes to step toward her] Doth the ground move to carty me neerer then my soul durst goe? Tis true, I find it is the earthynesse about me moves me neerer, then my reverence should keep me. Methinks I am so neere her now, as I all soul, my body by whose carriage it was brought, is now recoyl'd and my spirit is now shot out upon *Belleſa*. And thus all spirit I may touch her and not be fele. Therefore thus all my soul abstracted shall fall upon her hand, to

*He kiſſeth
her hand,*

do it reverence. My spirit hath found a body in this touch, and such a one as it cannot contain from venturing to lose it selfe to touch but this againe [he kiſſeth her hand againe, and she begins to stirr] I was afraid the least mixture of a body would disquiet hers by that averſion she hath to all, the first spirituall touch moved her to note then severall ayres that joyne move one another. Never was so much fear in any body without the will of flying it: Tis but just my body thus refined should be stayed here, now to expect its sentence.

B:l. My soul's centinells kept not so ill watch, as not to rise up against this attempt upon them. I should be glad to find some body else here *Moramente*, to whom to impute this insolence which is so great, as it almost justifies you to me for not having been the committer of it. Was it not sombody that's fled? I can hardly think any body durst do this and stay till I did wake to punish it.

Mor. No Madam, he is so farr from flying, as he is stayd here to glory in it. My spirit that was innocent
I that,

that fled for feare of being suspected, and I remain all body here exposed to your displeasure. And if you'll give me leave to call back my soul with suspicion of it, that shall begg punishment for this offender. And you shall reward her innocence in parting from this guilt that was about her. And you may punish this body opportunely now. For life sure was never so deare to it as now, it's so affected with its crime. And do it quickly Madam while your power will allow it, that my soul may leave you in this world what it hath so much wished to see you continue in, the quality of Queen.

Bel. Tis a new insolence, this punishment you aske, that I should descend so low as but think upon your body. I shall think your minde lesse worthy then I did, and so much, I shall not think it very sensible of its declination in my thoughts.

Mor. Mistake not Madam, the only thing in this world impossible to you is the guiltinesse of my mind. Tis not in my power to be so complacent unto you, as to afford it you. Your ill opinion of it may lie so heavy on its innocence, as to bow it out of its own frame: But even then It will become an arch tryumphant, whose very incurvation will become a beauty, as it was made so by the weight you laid upon it. And the more you presse it, you shall make it but the stronger still to beare all your will.

Bel. Why this excuse adds still unto your fault. If your mind was inuocent, it seemes you did it but by chance, and had no minde to it when you did it. And I can lesse forgive this prophanation of my selfe than an intended insolence, which passion doth some way excuse, when it doth avow.

Mor. O Madame, you have found so refined a torture, as it reacheth to my soul, which I call'd innocent for having been so wholly and so purely fix't upon your hand

as it is there, and therefore innocent: that which is once there and is removed, I did think worthy of such a punishment as even your displeasure.

Bel. Why your insolence inlargeth it self still *Moramente*; you would have me displeased because it was no greater, that it lasted not longer, and would put your soul into my hands, but by the delivery of your body.

Mor. You can put me to no greater torment then this willing mis-understanding me, you would make me criminal, for being but mortall, because my soul is carried but by my flesh and blood, nothing but this despaire could make me so insolent as to wish my body and my soul might once meet again where the one remains, though after that they parted with mortality.

Belleza. Now I understand truly your crime, you shall not have so much favour as my delivery of the sentence. *Genella* shall deliver't you; till then, see me no more.

Mor. The sentence cannot be so cruell, but the having it will be a mitigation, for this suspension is the execution.

Enter Genorio sadly.

Mor. What sadnesse is this *Genorio* that diverses even mine, as to take notice of it?

Gen. The joyes I owe you *Moramente*, may justifie this sorrow: Is not this a strange curse?

Mor. So strange a one, I understand it not.

Gen. Had I not had already the joy of all your trust, it could not so afflict me, the not being trusted now with such a joy of yours, as all the society believes, and I have no other reason to doubt but your not having told it me.

Moramente. My curse is so malignant, it infects thee for being my friend; and it is much now *Genorio* for me to

say, that I have any sense left for thy unjust affliction. I had no ease left but the believe that I had made thee happy, and thy mistake is never come to robbe me even of that.

Gen. It would be as hard for me *Moramente*, to find a cause for the least of your benefits, as 'tis to repeate them all; they began so much before my memory, as I must trust report for that, and what I know may warrant my believe of that you saved my life, when my Infant-innocence was guile to you, as it was cursed to be born your enemy. The education you gave was such as might make my life worthie your owning, since after having given me so much wealth, and honour, as an accession unto that could expect no more sense of it. Then as if you did study my blessing in making you some return, you have given me the disposing of your life; and the treasure of your trust, such a gift as but by keeping it, I might make you a retribution, but you take it away without a dailie addition to it. I have repeated this to you, which is too much for you to remember, that you may see I am thus far towards the deserving this, as the accounting all this is a curse, if the only means of gratitude which I have left, the joying in your joyes, be but suspended from me.

Mor. Thou art too partial to me *Genorio*, to beleeve me in my miserie, which if I have not let thee know, 't has been for fear thy misbielese should adde to it: but now I find even that misfortune which I only thought I could avoid, thy distrust, is fallen on me.

Genorio. I shall easily *MORAMENTE* beleeve you as miserable as you would have me. if you were capable of any, loved by *BELLESA* as they say you are.

Moramente. Though I had tenderesse enough *Genorio* to be sensible of thy distrust, as thy affliction; I have no sense left for this thy scorn, because 'tis mine.

Gen.

Gen. Pardon my duty, Sir, that did believe there could not have been guessed a blessing for you greater then your merit. That did make it more probable to me.

Mor. Believe me *Genorio* I am as farr from that, as if I wished it, I could feare.

Gen. Let it not seeme insolence then in me, in this your affliction, to professe my selfe happy. For I think my selfe so only, as I hope to transferr it upon you. If Sir it be the memory of *Fidamira* that darkens all things else unto you, I do beleeeve the miracle of my gratitude shall draw light out of that darknesse for you. For it can seem no lesse to you that *Fidamira* should be given away; but the wonder of my obligation will lessen much this miracle they make. I am that subject Sir you would not know for feare of envying, in whose hands *Fidamira* hath deposited her faith. And now you shall know to be envied by him, and all the rest of the world whose merits heaven will not honor with a lesse miracle then a lover's resignation of his Mistressse. And this Sir I now beg of you the acceptation of a blessing, and that you may have her so purely her selfe without the abatement of inconstancy, I will give her reason for't, and only for that wait on you to her once to bring my selfe so criminall unto her, as her loving me shall be one, which then she can no longer do, as she can ne're do ill. I do not ow you lesse then breach of faith, but this apparency of guilt is lesse.

Therefore Sir, resolve at this next election which is within two dayes to declare your selfe and so begin with this blessing of your self, the comforting your father.

I will waite on you till I may deliver *Fidamira* to you, and then returne hither. And the only favour I will ask, shall be the leave to live here, with your beliefe of such a pleasednesse in my condition, you may thinke you have given more in acceptation then you have received.

Mora. It is so hard *Genorio* to beleeeve that *Fidamira* can be given away, as it had need of such a faith as mine

in thee to credit it, but to assure thee that I believe that thou not only canst, but wouldst do so strange a thing for me, I will not venture to accept it. Glory in this *Genorio*, that from the depth of this dejection, thou hast had the power to rayse me up to joy that thou shalt have *Fidamira* as fully with my wishes as thy own.

Gen. What a strange curse were this, If I beleev'd this offer were your wish; But it is true Sir, it is not fit you should wish any thing that can be offered you. And I must needs owe my good fortune lesse sense then ere I did, since even the first of it affords me no meanes of retribution unto you.

Enter Gemella.

Gen. I have a message to deliver you *Moramente*, from *Bellefa*.

Mor. Tis wellcom *Gemella*, what so ere it be.

Gen. She hath commanded me to tell you she hath thought much of your crime. And the more she thinket of it, she findes it such that there is nothing ill enough to punish it. Which being such a crime as nothing, committed but once, can be punishment enough for't, she hath ordained you not only to wish it, but hope it too, and to see her as often as you will. that upon the rack of hope she may dayly torture you by the intention or remission of it, as she shall please. This onely she thinks an expiation proportioned. to your fault; and hath sent me with this sentence to you, which I hope I have delivered so, you understand it.

Mor. I know not whether I do or no, methinks it is somewhat above my orb, humble despaire. Which makes it harder for me to conceive, then if 'twere there. But I will instantly go *Gemella*, and study it before her, in submission to my sentence.

Genorio I must leave you now.

Exe. Moramente

Gen. How justly am I afflicted by my own offence, to constancy? The Prince's change is fallen out to punish mine
And

And he is so happy that even his change doth prove a service unto *Fidamira*, as it revenges her on me. I will not add so much unto my guilt, as a detraction from her, in the beleife that he could prefer any thing before my offer, but a well grounded hope of *Belleſa's* Love.

None but I could do so new a thing, as to preferre despair. How well doth my curse ſute with my ſin? My addreſſe to *Genella* for conveyance of my paſſion to *Belleſa*, that had already undertaken *Moraments*? My obſervation hath aſſur'd it me, without the helpe of my ſuſpition. And I am puniſh'd as it were by fate with an excluſion from the Prince's truſt, before he can know a reaſon for't. O how deceitfull and enſnaring joyes, are Prince's higheſt truſts? They doe ſubject us more then even our nature or their power can. They raiſe us ſo above the ſenſe of all their other benefits, as we are only fixt on that which they may ſo eaſily take away, as even ceſſation doth remove it. And ſo we do expoſe, not only all the joyes we have acquired, but even the imbred eaſe of our own ſoules. Which might have reſted in their own levell, but cannot in a declination from that height. So ſubjects hazard more then Princes give! Yet methinks love is ſo much above reaſon now, as it proves the Prince's truſt a convenience, not a loſſe, as it may warrant my profeſſion of my paſſion to *Belleſa*, which I will do in ſo reſolved a boldneſſe as it ſhall be ſignificant humility, as it muſt imply the extreame of all deſpaire.

Exit Genorio.

Enter Martiro

Martiro. There's nothing ſpeakes ſo truly of *Belleſa* as my opinion of her. I will beleve my admiration before my ſenſes. I am ſo far from crediting what I hear of her, as I do not beleve her ſelfe. Her modeſty will not admit the knowing of her ſelfe ſo well as I do. For though my thoughts in their higheſt extaſie pitch not at the top of all her vertues, yet they get up ſo high, as to aſſure

how low and neere the earth her soule can fall. Though I cannot imagine all the good that she can do, yet I can satisfy my selfe how neere she can come to doing ill, to which she can never approach so neer as loving; Though that be farr from ill, yet as it is but ordinary, it may be counted too much ill for her. Shee's somewhat of her selfe; I know not what to call her, so unlike to all things sub-lunary, that we may better think the humility she beares chose rather to be a woman, then that heaven meant her one; Unlesse it set her in this way, that passing through it she might rise unto a higher glory, then if she had been first created an Angell. I do not wonder at the received opinion of her loving. I would not have the knowing of her be common as to undeceive every body; and for those that hope it, they have made themselves a curse. I cannot pittie enough, as it is a madnesse they will never beleve it to be one. *Moramente* is a person worthy the knowing *Bellefa*, *Gemella's* womanish officiousnesse will be punished in the frustration of it. The election is now within two dayes, we shall see who remains here. Accordingly I will apply my pittie of *Moramente* to his conversion in the beleife of the divine *Bellefa*.

Exit Martiro

Enter Fidamira

Fida. I have left the Queen and *Moramente* together: I beleve between them two, the execution will be gentler then the sentence. I am come my selfe to such a perfect knowledg of all men, as I am too farr from envying even *Bellefa*, as I am scrupulous of my contribution towards her loving one. The best of all the sex which I will allow the Prince to be, can secure me no farther of his faith, than that, if it be possible that there can be one in all the world prove constant, it is he.

I do now so much neglect all men, as I have no sense so low, as to be moved with any of their injuries. I do forgive

forgive *Agenor* so, as all the memory I have now left, is of my own fault, that it was ever in the power of a man so to offend me. I confesse I could wish his repentance, only to expiate that fault of mine, by shewing how much I repent of it, by being now incapable of such an exposure of my self againe. I am not so vain as to believe my looks can perswade him to this repentance, therefore I have thought a way how they may fright him to it, and for that I must put on this colour's contrary, and like a ghost appear unto him. His guilt will joyne with me in the perswasion of it. Thus I will watch him the next evening, as he goes to the Temple. His fears would now be welcomer then his love; but he may chance be so vain, as to believe that even dead I cannot choose but follow him: for vanity even feeds on dreams and apparitions, and loving *Bellefa*: he had need sustain his love with such like airey nourishments. I am resolved I will once more change my disguise: I am sure it cannot succeed worse with me then this hath done.

My Fate inverting these two colours right
Puts innocence in black, and guilt in white.

Exit Gemella.

Enter Bellefa Moramente.

Bellefa. This is presumption *Moramente*, not humility, to be pleased with so severe a sentence: But are you not so humble as to take more of the sentence on you, than I sent you, Hope?

Moramente. I take no more Madam, then serves to keep my senses warm, lest they should fall into so dead a despair, as I should disappoint your cruelty by an unsensibleness.

Bel. Your hope and your wish *Moramente*, are then far distant yet from one another.

Moramente. As far Madam as my wish and my desert. I am as neere deserving you, as hoping what I wish.

Bel.

Belleſa. You may then hope a little more *Moramente*: for I would not have a man ſo neer deſerving me, as I might give him leave to hope, that would leſſen the grace I did conferre, to have merit the pretender to it.

Moramente. You may ſafely truſt my hope Madam; hope ſeemes ſo dull and ſlow a thing to me, I can ſcarce think it is a function of the ſoul. I muſt have it by inſuſion, not inherencie. If you fear Madam the approach of merit, you muſt leſſen your rigours, for in your cruelties an humble ſoul may challenge more merit then it hath reward, but the leaſt of all your favours ſets all deſert at ſuch a diſtance, as, by the ſame degrees they advance, merit goes back, and ſo the diſtance is ſtill enlarged. Therefore Madam, you cannot remove your ſelfe ſo much from mens deſerving you, as by a ſenſe of their humility.

Belleſa. I do believe *Moramente* that the leaſt kindneſſe of a worthy woman, doth ſet all mans merit out of diſtance: but I have heard that as you ſay their deſert goes ſo far back then, as it goes quite out of ſight, and vanity comes on without it.

Moramente. If this vanity were inherent in the nature of us all, you owe your ſelfe no leſſe then the beliefe that the virtue of your love might even correct our nature, your love is ſo divine a thing, as not to be ſubject to the defects of it.

Bel. Sure *Moramente*, it were ill done to give ſuch a meritorious humility as yours, ſuch a temptation to be perverted as a favour.

Moramente. It were vanity Madam to tell you, how much a favour of yours would make me humbler then I am, there could be no ſuch ill in any body, that your wiſhing but well to, would not amend: much leſſe any vertue that it would not improve. And me-thinks you now ſhould do me a favour, as it is the ſtrangeſt thing in
all

all the world, the making me happy.

Bel. You have already forgot your sentence, the giving of you hope to punish you by the frustration of it, and so now I give you this.

Mor. I need not then aske you forgiveness for it, since it punisheth it selfe, how strangely am I destin'd to your subjection, when even my forgetfulness proves a contribution to your will.

Belleſa. Me thinks *Moramente*, since you are so subject to forget your sentence of favour done, you would give me a great advantage over you, for you would quickly forget why I did it, and entertain such hopes as would enlarge my power of punishing you.

Moramente to himselfe.

[It were more injury unto her to think this treachery, then insolence to believe it pitty]. I will instruct you Madam in this designe of making my punishment notorious. Let me suffer on the same place where I committed my offence. If hope punisheth it selfe proportionably as it offends, this will be a well fitted torment for me.

Bel. A Prince's eye by a casual look suspends the execution, but an admittance to their hand is an abolition of the crime.

Moramente. That holds not with me Madam, for your sight was appointed for my execution; and so, the rule inverted, your hand must be the higher punishment.

Bel. Yours *Moramente*, is so new a case to me, I know not what to say to it, and I had need apply my power while I am a Queen; it may be that onely makes the deserture of your hopes a pain to you.

Moramente kisses her hands

Moramente. Soon onely this might prove a cure to me, if I could prophane it with the thought of being a Queen: there are a thousand qualities in this hand, the least

least of them above all mortality can name. I consider so little your qualitie of Queen, as I dare say that's the least disproportion betwixt us. Had you all those titles united into one, which all the world contests but for the parting of, even this were a declination brought you to a name, which, as your self are unexpressible. Could I beleve that you could think so low, as to be pleased even with the name of Queen, it may be hope might not prove a punishment.

Belleſa. Why *Moramente* ? had I that desire, could you satisfie it ?

Moramente. Easier Madam then deserve to be beloved by you. Even when I had done it the conquest of a kingdome would be easie, you being but proposed to it for Queen.

Belleſa. I could afflict you then *Moramente*, by telling you I had a mind to be a Queen; but I will not, because I have forgiven you. Therefore now *Moramente* after this pardon, hope no more.

Exit Belleſa.

Moramente. Did not the virtue of her hand hold me up I should fall back into a fearfull doubt. Sure this is but to show that her will masters love it self. I am confident she is moved so much with my sufferings that the profession of my selfe may indear my humilitie. The election is to morrow, and it shall be in her choice, whether she will continue Queen or no.

Exit Moramente.

Enter Pantamora.

Pantamora. The reason why *Moramente* sees not *Belleſa's* love that's fixt upon him, must needs be that he looks too high for't. He thinks it must fall down as from heaven upon him. If he had but looked in a naturall and easie level towards her, he must needs have found her very neer him. Sure his eyes were thus stretched up into the ayre, when I shewed him my love so fair before him,
and

and he saw it not, I will not think he did look from it of purpose. But I can envy *Belleſa* in nothing, that is ſo neer ſuch a declination, as the deſcending from a throne: the expectation of which hath raiſed me now above all other thoughts. *Belleſa* ſure will leave the paradise with *Moramente*; the advantage is ſo ſure among the reſt, as it leſſens the glory of it.

Exit Pantamora:

Enter Melidoro, Camena.

Mel. What think you *Camena*? how much doth *Belleſa* love?

Camena. What thinke you *MELIDORO*? I know how much.

Mel. Have you gotten the modell of it? I would not at all adventures build my hope by ſuch a one, therefore pray do not proportion yours to it.

Cam. They that have taken the true dimensions of Love and Honour, may modell hers by that. She is ſo exactly what ſhe ſhould be; as they that know that, may know directly what ſhe is:

Mel. What, doe you thinke then ſhe answers *Moramente's* Love?

Camena. If women at firſt be but ſo civill as an Echo, 'tis enough if ſhe but ſhew that ſhe did hear.

Melidoro. I believe that *Moramente's* complaints have not been ſo unhappy, as never to end with love, and ſo I think by this time he hath had an answer echoed to him.

Camena. Women may answer Love ſo, and diſavow it too, as repetition of an others oath is not accounted ſwearing. The moſt I thinke *BELLESA* hath done yet, hath but obliged *Moramente* and not engaged her ſelf.

Mel. Do you think *Belleſa* was ſo careleſſe, as not to provide, againſt her falling from her throne, the lightning in *Moramente's* armes.

Cam.

Camena. 'Tis but a year since they first knew one another, and that is scarce time enough for a woman to make all her objections against loving of a man, much lesse to be so satisfied, as to resolve to give her self away. Will you be content to have my promise *Melidoro* to your wish, on those conditions if *Belleſa* yeelds to *Aſſuramento*?

Mel. If I muſt ſtill depend upon the uncertainty of a condition, I doe not diſlike this you have propoſed. And ſure *Camena*, this beliefe of mine doth not imply lesse value of *Belleſa*, then thoſe ſcruples you allow her.

Camena. I love freedome ſo well, I would not venture an engagement but upon termes I thought even improbable. But when your wiſhes hang upon my will, you ought not to thinke them deſperate. Look where *Genorio*

Enter Genorio.

Genorio comes! me-thinks he looks as if he would out-aſt all that hath been writ of ſorrow; this ſight me-thinks *Melidoro* ſhould make no hope ſeem little.

Melidoro. Pray *Camena* lets leave him, he looks as if he would taint the ayre, and make miſfortune infectious.

Exeunt Melidoro, Camena.

Gen. How well hath fortune ſhewed, I am her own, in having thus imployed my ſelf to betray that ſtrength of happineſſe which was impregnable, and muſt have been delivered thus by me, ſince her ſelf could not take it? Sure fortune grew Jealous, leaſt the world ſhould thinke ſhe was in love with me, and there's nothing ſo detracting from fortunes reputation, as the opinion that ſhe can faſten her ſelfe to any one. She is the whole world's Miſtreſſe, and her looſe variations entertain all her ſervants in variety of hopes, and ſo drawes on thoſe generall addreſſes which buſie and divert her ſo. Me-thinks ſhe might have counted me her child, and ſo have juſtified unto

unto her self her tenderesse of me. For when my Infant-bloud seemed destined to the thirst of multitudes; even there she took me in her armes, and set me at the breasts of Princes to be nursed; and not content with that, endeared me so unto them, as if I had sucked their hearts into me, and they lived by me. This hath been confirmed unto me by such a disposition of their powers, as if they had no power but this of giving me so much: and because all this might be thought subject still to fortune, she provided me a blessing above her power of resumming *Fidamira's* Love. And sure 'tis that which hath incensed my mother Fortune thus against me, the repulse that she received in her attempting *Fidamira*: for never was fortune more affronted, than in her refusal of the Prince. It must be so that she grew jealous of my being set above her reach, and finding her self so weake, hath got Love to joyn with her to take me by my selfe, that I might give away what could not be resumed. And now I am so completely miserable, I cannot call my affliction misfortune. I have this circumstance to perfect it, the attribution of it wholly to my self. I have told *Belleſa* my passion so directly, she seemes not to understand it. Snre it had so wild a boldnesse, it looked liker Madnesse then Love. It is but just, that I that have so much neglected truth, should be discredited by it. Whither but to my self should I repair for satisfaction, since I am my owne offender? Therefore from thence I derive a happinesse that shall defie even fortune, the adoration of the not epitheted *Belleſa*; it shall be so little subject to chance or change, it shall make despair a reason for it, to be sure to defie both those. Nay I will not exact lesse of my self then the doing what was never done before, the allowing *Belleſa* to love another, and even proportion my joy in this, to what she shall receive in that. Thus I am so resolved, as I could even already tell it *Fidamira*.

Fidamira.

Fidamira like a Ghost.

Gen. Though fortune hath taken me at this disadvantage, before my resolution had time to fall from my mouth into my heart : Yet thus halfe armed I will defend my selfe, though Beauty and Death, even those great enemies, are reconciled to joyne against me ; Nay I will give thee yet more odds, I will suppose thee an Angell and so conclude thou knowest my thoughts, and justify them even against any reason thou canst bring : By naming but *Belleſa*, thou must needs know her, if Angells know one another. She is here your delegate on earth. Tell me, blessed spirit, wert thou not sent down to visit her ? To fright me thou canst not come in such a shape, and lesse to change me, that am fixt above the power of miracles. When you have seen *Belleſa*, you wi'l think constancy to any but her selfe so ill a miracle, as you will not approve it. How blessed am I in this descent of yours ? For if you came but to reproach me, I shall have this merit to *Belleſa* the having brought an Angell down to see her, which may describe her, where she only can be prayſed enough, in heaven ; Go then, faire Spirit, and when you have but looked on her, the impatience of the newes you carry will quicken your ascent againe, to entertaine the blessed Quire with a relation may endanger your being envied there. For me, I doubt not but you will approve so of my adoration here, as in pittie of my want of spirit and soul enough you will inspire some such transcendency, as may lessen the disproportion is between the admiration of all mortalls. and the divine *Belleſa*.

Ghost. I am so unhappy, I can think my selfe lesse so, for the improbability of thy ever being so, which to remove from thee, I am content to impart to thee. All the Angelicallnesse I will own is the prevision of thy misfortune, to which thy believe may prescribe some remedy. I know *Belleſa* so much better then thou, as I can tell even what she shall be.

She

She a woman unto one shall be,
But still an Angell unto thee
And to thy shame too, *Fidamira* lives;
And is an Angell but as she forgives.

Gen. Sure, the heavens have conspired this miracle of my love. And by an Angell have been pleased thus to assure me of the conjuncture that must make it so, *Bela*, loving *Adoramente*. And what a joy hath heaven sent me to begin with? The making me an Angell unto *Motamente* by the delivery of these newes which is such as even the relation of it overpayes all his benefits. I will instantly seek him, with this obligation must remaine to me. For *Fidamira*, I can wish nothing in her life, but her being here for an exaltation of the wonder of my love unto *Bela*.

Exit Genario.

The King at the other dore following *Fidamira*, she flying from him.

Fida. In what distresse am I? as I was going out of the temple the King meets me thus. Sure he hath beleev'd me dead, and searched out my ghost. For thus he followes me rather joyed, then frighted. And since this habit cannot deliver me from him, my tongue must needs deliver me to him.

King. Stay *Fidamira* what so ere thou art, Angell or Ghost. I do not mis-call thee by that name. O do not foul that pure reverence I bear thee with such a flaine as violence. 'Tis thou that offerest the first violence by flying. And if I shall dare to touch thee, tis in my defence, to stay thee here. Tell me if thou beest a ghost, and I can quickly think my flesh away, and dy instantly by thinking thou art dead, and so waite on thee as a ghost. But in thy looks I finde no other sign that thou hast ever died, but that in Paradise thou dost reside. Thou canst not be a

ghost and thus out-look all Angells. Tell me faire, faire spirit, what is becom of *Fidamira's* spirit. Thou knowest I am to account for it. Tell me or I must follow thee till thou dost vanish. And then, as soon as I can open this Cage that holdes my spirit, let it fly after thee.

Fida. [I must reveale my self and trust him, or his willfullnesse in following me must needs discover me. Besides, to morrow is the day that shall unriddle all our stories. I shall not advance his knowledge of me much, and so prevent his finding of the Prince unopportunately. I will resolve it]. Heaven hath been so carefull of your comfort Sir, as it hath made me my selfe againe, I beleeve only for that, and hath employed anothers guilt to advance this ease unto your innocence

King. Your body *Fidamira* is but lent you then again, for apparition unto me, not life to you. And it was kindly don to call my knowledge of it an ease, since it will surely deliver my spirit from the cords and ligaments that hold it yet.

Fida. You are mistaken Sir, I am not dead, only transfigured into this colour's contrary. Which I have put on but as a case to keepe it from sullyng.

King. If thou livest *Fidamira* speak on. For I will beleeve thee so, as well as if thou wert an Angell.

Fida. Will you forgive me Sir, if I call that, which it may be you meant an honor, your resuming of your grant of privacy, an intermission of my peace. From whence I did derive such feare, as the protection of a King did most expose me to, the apprehension of such an eminence intended me, as I could only come neere the deserving, by the avoyding: And yet so possesse my selfe of a more affected happinesse, your estimation of my vertue; which I tenderd the preservation of the more, because yours must have suffered with it.

For, the honors you had designed for me, were raised to such a height, as being above the capacity of the greatest part

part of the lookers on were likely to be misunderstood. Therefore to avoyd the occasion of being but so much as an error in your unquestionable worth, I chose this as the lesse danger, the flying into some concealed retreat; and not trusting so much to my legs, I made my face run away to carry me securely. And in this disguise of a Moore I fled hither, where I made bold to use your name to be received. And here I found my flight and my disguise so much out-done by strangers, as I had no wonder left for my own condition. And these upon your promise of taking no knowledge of, till I shall advise you to it, I will impart unto you.

King. Ask no other caution *Fidamira* but thy belief that I cannot disobey thee. Shouldest thou tell me that my son were here, and you two in love with one another, I would ne're take notice of it, till all your blessings did aske me mine for consummation of them. In which guise I would aske nothing but the breathing out my soul upon it. So willingly I would give it you.

Fidamira. Your own guesse hath engaged you Sir. The Prince and *Agenor* are both here, admitted into the order by the names of *Moramente* and *Genorio*. The approbation Sir, which you have promised of his choyce, if it had miscarried so as to have light on me, is a joy that over-pays me this comfort I have brought you, as it assures me of your consent unto his wishes, which are so justifiable, and I beleve want nothing else for their perfection. To morrow is a new election of a Queen, and that light will cleare all that must yet remain obscure to you. And the day warnes me to be-night my selfe againe. For no light ever interposed it selfe between this darknesse since I put it on till now. And the reason of this Eclipse of my darknesse (I may call it so) shall no longer then to morrow be clouded to you. Therefore give me now leave to returne to *Gemella*, the name my darknesse ownes. And I doubt as little the justifying to you

to morrow the fitnessse of all my requests, as I do of your observance of your word till then.

Exit Fidamira.

King. Goe *Fidamira*, and doubt not of my obedience though you leave me in a doubt, which is a pain equall to that of thy preserved life or hastened death. Which shall I trust to? *Basilinos* hand or *Fidamiras* word? My fears that find nature too steep to climb directly up against it, do thus by circular and turning motions seeke to winde themselves up above it. As violent stormes repulsd by fences that they meet, seem to flye back, and part themselves to goe about; and so at last insinuate themselves through those fences, that they could not break: thus doe my doubts of *Basilino's* and *Fidamira's* knowing one another, and loving here, worke themselves into me by winding-circumstances, which are so weak as must goe a-bone, my reason cannot get over it. Thus doth all jealousy run on in crooked serpentations, and seems to imbrace all reason that it meets, but 'tis but to incomparse it, and leave as it were so as an lland, as it cannot get out, mine must stay here all night, exposed to those cold blasts my feares can shake it with. To morrow *Fidamira's* promise will deliver me.

Exit King.

Enter Bellefa.

Bel. How surely do they thinke themselves away, that let Love close with their thoughts, intending they shall wrestle with it? for love in that instant that it is let in, falls under our wills, and like an inundation, all it finds portable it raiseth up, and carrieth forward on it self, and love finds our wills so leight, and so ascensive then, as it doth but takethem up with this humility, and carries them along with it, and by this subjection of it self, raiseth them higher then they could e're have got without it. So that love, entred into our thoughts, as it useth no violence

lence to them ; So it is lyable to none from them. This have I learnt of my Tutor *Moramente*, and I am yet so strangely bashfull, as my having my lesson so perfect makes me ashamed to repeate it. *Gemella* assures me I have had a Prince for my Tutor. I am glad of that: for though birth and quality be not the only foundation to build love upon, yet it is a fair rooffe to cover it. I owe some satisfaction to *Moramente* for all his humble sufferings, and 'tis enough my going now to Loves Cabinet to consult, whether I shall yet tell him my sense of them or no. The bringing it so neer a question is a reparation for more then man can suffer. I must resolve.

Exit Bel'esa.

Enter Moramente.

Mor. I should be so scrupulous of being so much my self, as having power to resolve any thing without *Belle-sa's* leave, had I not two such necessities, as Nature and Time to justify still my incapacity, by their inpulsion of me to it. Nature's internal force would be too weak, I could forget I have a father, I am so *Belle-sa's* creature, had not time power over me, and that this light must see me a Prince, and her none. Her words by whose reflex we only can see thoughts, have sometimes been cleer enough: yet they have been alwayes so unsteady, as like glasses turned up and down, their reflex hath rather dized my brain then assured my sight. Now I must resolve to begge of her to fix them, so as I may see what figure they have made for me. She is now gone towards Love's cabinet. I will follow her thither, expecting nothing from the place but privacie. She's love's influence, and onely can affect her self. And now to balance the boldnesse of this resolution with an equal humility, I will oblige my self not so much as even to wonder at the worst she shall resolve for me.

Exit Moramente.

K 3

Enter

Enter Bellesa in a wood called Love's Cabinet.

Bel. Hither where all things look so pleasingly, and so well pleased, as you must be all in love with one another; hither where the best of loves secrecie doth flourish so, as you know not one anothers love, and yet live still, adding still to the delights of one another, as'twere by mere instinct, by being but together. Whither but unto you should I repaire for company? To your so pure innocence as ill can ne're come so neere, as to be withstood. For in your veine runneth water instead of blood. My breath is yet so innocent it will not blast your tenderest purity. And I will trust you as to take counsell of you in the discovery of my thoughts of love, you are the fitter because you cannot speake. For you may answer me by instinct, as you seeme to entertaine one another, and not speak.

Ec. Speake.

Bel. Alas *Eccho* you are too generally free to be trusted You will answer any body, and that they please. Therefore the gods when they placed you here, to secure the secrecy of solitude restrain'd your voyce to a present answer only to those that spake unto you, and so disinabled you to tell any thing from one unto a nother, otherwise I would not trust even this privacy with this word Love,

Ec. Love.

Bel. Could I answer at that distance thou dost and not be seene, I would word that love. I think sure thou couldst not be so confident hadst thou not all these curtains drawn before thee, and didst not know, that they that seek thee after thou hast spoke can never find thee. But let the spirit of this unsuspected place tell me, if it avow thee for its Speaker, and I will yeeld unto its Geniūs, and will resolve what methinks it would have me do.

Ec. Do.

Bell. Now you have answered so well for him, will you
now

now answer for him to me? Dare you promise me his constancy?

Ec. Constancy.

Bel. If he prove so, our prayers shall intercede for thee unto the gods, that this thy service in our loves may expiate thy former fault. And that thou mayest be restored unto thy body, and thy voice doubled to thee, to have speech enough to tell the wonders of our loves, which no lesse then such a miracle can do. But if he now prove vaine or e're inconstant, I will come back hither, and with my curses blast the beauty of this place. I will be so revenged, I will not leave it so much as solitude. I will be always here, and with my loud complaints storme it with a troubled tumult. And for you, *Eccho*, I will with my reproaches force you to answer so much, as it shall hoarse that little voice is left you. Nay I will search all the earths concavities, and fill them up, so to choake you quick, there shall be left you nothing to reside in but *Moraments* heart. That I will leave you, even for a greater punishment, then death, upon these termes if you will stand to your counsell, I am content.

Ec. Content.

Enter Moraments.

Mor. Hearing Madam you were gone this way. I made haste after you, lest you might light by chance into this place. Do you know where you are Madam?

Bel. 'Tis you *Moraments* that are you know not where; if you had known where you were, you would not have hastned to divert me from this place: this is Loves cabinet, is it not?

Moraments. It was Madam before you came hither, but all that was Loves, is yours where you are.

Bel. Doe you think, Love loseth any thing in what I take from it?

Mor. Yes Madam it loseth more by what you keep from it, when it gives or receives from all the world be-

sides, this place is beleev'd to have a tacit influence, and works all hearts into a tenderneſſe that it doth receive, as if the aire contracted with the heart it ſhould take Love, and breath together. This I tell you Madam, only that you may glory in maſtering virtue, that ſeems to have power over nature.

Bel. My heart *Moramente* is harder to be known then it is when it is known. Doe not you think it can allow Love as much virtue as any other?

Mor. Yes Madam, as I beleev'e all virtue improves in its ceſſation more then in its exerciſe meeting with yours, as it is a greater virtue to yeeld to that then truſt unto its own: So your heart may allow love more virtue then any other by a reſignation of its power to your neglect.

Bel. This opinion *Moramente*, makes me apprehend ſo little your gueſſing why I came hither, as I may now in return of a requeſt you made me once, to gueſſe at your love, deſire you to do ſo at the reaſon of my coming hither.

Mor. It may be Madam, that Love himſelfe in love with you hath given you this curioſitie of riſing his Cabinet to try who he holds intelligence with. So, to diſcover Love's ſecrets, you came hither.

Bel. Hath this Eccho run under ground, and carried him my voyce? 'Tis true *Moramente*, I am come to diſcover Love's ſecrets, but more to truſt, then to ſuſpect: and I have found here ſo uninterreſted a Countellor, as he aſks nothing but words to gratifie him; and he hath answered me ſo fitly, as if he had ſtudied my cauſe before. If you have any ſuite *Moramente*, ſpeak to him, he is in his cloſet here amongſt the trees, he is old and a little deafe, you muſt ſpeake aloud, and it is likely he will answer you.

Mor. This is cleare enough. I underſtand it. You know I have a ſute Madam. And I will try if you have entertain'd him

him

him against me. Tell me thou faithfull speaker, doth *Belleſa* love.

Ec. Love.

Mor. It is too much a miracle to be beleev'd from any voyce but yours.

Bel. Why *Moramante*, would you have me so strange a creature as to make an *Eccho* speak false?

Mor. You were but dallying with love, and he had not strength enough to get above your other words, and so the ayre sent *Eccho* back with it along to you. Had love any power over you, it would not lose so much of its sweetness, as the being deluded by any voyce but yours.

Bel. It is my voyce *Moramante*, and I have let it loose from me, that it might not have so much as modesty to hold it back. Beleeve it. For if you put me to take it in againe, I have virgin cold that would not let it speak so cleare.

Moramante kneels.

Mor. I will beleeve it so as I will worship it. All my soules faculties shall be converted into this one belief, and give me leave to begg for this kinde voyce, that for my sake is so unhappy as to goe out of you, that you would take it in againe, and let me heare it, in that temple where it should be inshrined, your mouth, though it speake lower. My belief hath cares to save you the paines of straining it too high.

Bel. Rise *Moramante*, unless you wish an answer from a Queen, and not *Belleſa*. I have had long a sense well fitted to your sufferings, and I have beleev'd so well of you as I did not feare the seemingnesse of my indifferency would divert you from a meritorious persistency. And I have been so just to you, as you have lost nothing by my differring your admittance to the knowledg of my thoughts. For they have been studying you all this while, with this advantage to, of your not knowing it. So they have informed themselves of your nature strenghtly in

it

it self, without the ply it takes, bent by designe. And I have so satisfied my selfe, as I beleeve my time well spent.

Mor. You might well tell me Madam I was I knew not where, If I have been in your blessed thoughts; and thus you only could have done so new a thing as to re-call time, and in an instant bleesse all that was past, as well as whats to come. I have now no way of humility left but, valuation of my selfe ascribing so the more to the virtue of your thoughts, which have made me what they have been, so modest as to say they have found me. For you have such a singularity, as you cannot think on any thing unworthy of you. Therefore give me leave to ask you, what you have thought of my love to you? For this was the only thing in me worthy of your thoughts, before you thought of me, I must therefore beleeve you have thought most of that.

Bel. For the first thought, I did allow your love *Moramente*, it was so civill it brought me many in returne of it. And by this exchange stored me with thoughts which wereso cleare, as they seemed glasses for vertue to dresse her selfe by, not shadowes to draw over her. Therefore I have continued the entertainment of your love.

Mor. Judg Madam how absolutely you are Mistresse of love. It hath had intelligence with you. And given and received presents from you, without my knowledg. I will not call this trechery, for I will allow all that is mine, to be yours more. But hath not my love been so true to you Madam, as to propose to you its perfection in the admittance of my heart into yours to lie under it, that it may rest it selfe upon it?

Bellefa. It hath proposed that which I cannot answer yet, because it knowes not who it speakes to.

*Morament
himselfe.*

[The heavens conspire a parity in all] Oh
Bellefa give me leave to wish you any thing
rather then an Angell. For so only your promise

mise may defeat it self. If you be mortall, you can have no scruple, but the making me happier then your selfe by the disparity between what you give and can receive.

Bel. I can give nothing now *Adoramente* but my promise to be shortly my self, and so it may be I shall be able to give you more then now: and *Gemella* though she hath not told me who you are, hath assured me you are not what you seem, and so an agreement now would be void on both sides. Therefore now take this watch with my promise, that before it measure three hours more, you shall know my story, and then I shall have a fuller power to give: for having promised nothing, the time now admits not the telling your story, if you would advance the knowledge of you. Therefore we must now part, I for preparation of the ceremony of the new election.

Ador. I will then confesse Madam only as much as the time will give you leave to know, which is, that I am more then I seem, even more in love with you then I can seem to be: but there will nothing now seem strange in all my story, but your qualification of me with more honour then nature can bestow. I accept this pledge of your promise, and shal thus by you try both experiences.

If time in the despair doth seem to move
Slower, or towards the promised joyes of Love.

Exeunt Mor. and Bel.

Enter Romero.

Rom. Sure, Nature did make up our lines in wreathes, and the first instant motion is set against the Scruce; and so we move in a continual revolution to unwind our selves, and by the same degrees that we unwreath our lives, we find a slacknesse, and an enervation in those parts that loosen first. Our legs are first unjoynted, So by degrees

grees this loose ruffe riseth up and slackens. So the frame of man, as all the parts, unsinning at last, seem but to have a contiguous use, and no connexion to one another for all their functions part, while they hang yet together, till the last turn devolved falls to the dissolution of them all. So that man is only brought by ruine unto rest. I am so neer this last dissolving turne, as I will now lay my selfe down here on this soft ground, that I may fall in pieces with lesse pain. I have visible misery enough to assure me of pitty, this head on which the sun it self did snow, and cold can only thaw.

There's nothing fitter for the vertue of this place then age, as nothing so unrelievable: but I have such unspeakable misfortunes, as makes my age a blessing, as it promisseth a speedy delivery from what youth could have no hope but death, the losse of three such Princes in my charge, as the safety of a kingdome dependeth successively on each of them, the ones bloud powred out at his nations sacrifice. So innocent, as his Infancy better assureth us now what he is, than it could have promised what he would have been: the other a Princeesse, such an emission of nature, as it were above it self, as she promised nothing so low, as could be hoped before, and yet the miracle of her obscured all that he did promise. She was so acceptable to all, as she made the losse of her brother and sister a publick joy, as it conveyed the Kingdome unto her, this angel then vanished from amongst us out of my hands: or if she were a woman, now she's above an angel, for she might dye obscurely, but could not live so. My enquiry, had she been upon the earth, must have met with the report of her; no nation but must have sent out proclamations of their glory in having of her. Should I goe back now to the aged King that hath no soul left but an expectation, and so take his soul too away, and then live to see unfortunate *Navarr* lye like a headlesse trunk, subject to the first power that would sease it? Nay, I will lay my
life

life down here, and by the application of all these sorrows to my soul try if I can fright it out of this weak body which hath no strength to oppose the passage of it.

Enter Genorio.

Gen. I have sought *Moramente* every where but in Love's Cabinet, and cannot find him. Sure Fortune is scrupulous of letting me have so much joy, as th' obliging him. Here is a stranger, the gods assist you Sir in all your wishes.

Romero. Pardon me Sir, if I do not so much as wish you well, least fortune, that hath undertaken the opposition of all my wishes, might be by them brought against you.

Gen. It seems then you were chased hither by Fortune, not led by Curiosity.

Rom. I have been so inconsiderable to fortune as she hath not thought my personal afflictions worthy her intention; but hath run through me and wounded others, whose losse hath brought no lesse then the curse of a whole nation upon me.

Gen. Have you ever been in love?

Rom. Never Sir, I have not known so light a griefe in all my life, you are happy whose youth knows no true pain; and therefore doth account the frights of love, which imagination brings, the height of all affliction.

Gen. Comfort your self then, for you are not so unhappy as you might have been.

Rom. You may bragge Sir, you have made me smile to think, to how little disquiet this place is subject; therefore pray Sir, be so charitable to tell me, whether this place doth certainly make all happy; that are admitted to it; if so I would avoid it. It is a curse, I have not the wishing my self happy by forgetfulness.

Gen. If there be any certain vertue in this place, I believe

it is in the inversion of the conditions it receives. All the effects I have found of it yet, have been so. I thought my self when I came hither, as unlikely to become unhappy as you can now your selfe to be relieved. And I have seen another's fortune turned to the opposit extreame of what it was brought hither. And if you would not forget, stay not here. For I am such a witness of that effect, as if you knew my story, you would beleve that virtue unresistable.

Romero starts up.

Rom. How miserable am I? that even you, that pretended to be an oblivious Trophy, are my remembrancer, and of a misery greater then your age is capable of. Will you give me leave to look upon this jewell? Pray Sir, do you remember so much, as how long you have had this jewell?

Gen. I have had it longer then I can remember any thing; 'tis part of my story, which is so strange a one as if you knew it, it would make you think your selfe happy. I am so subject to forget, as I had almost forgot my haste, Which if you knew the occasion of, you would leave wondring at your selfe.

Rom. This fond young man's in love. And is grown vain of his afflictions, because they are of his own making. He carries a greater misfortune of mine about him, which he knowes not of, than he takes upon him. That crosse of diamonds the prince *Pallantus* had about him, when his infancy was smothered in that crowd of death *Pamona* did sink under, taken by assault some twenty years ago by this king of *Castile*. That there could be so little providence in fate: as to preserve this, and cast him away. Some souldier in whose bloody hands this spoyle remained, must have sold it to this young man. His years will not allow him the honor to have bought it with a drop of blood. I will go rest me, lest my spirits faint under the weight of misery they must bring for their presence of ease.

Exit Romero.

Enter

Enter Bonorio.

Bo. I have lost the King strangely at the entry of the Temple, he took another waile, but he cannot be straid farr hence.

Enter the King.

King. I have watched my feares all night, lest while my reason was a sleepe, they might have got the advantage of a dreame to fright me from my trust of *Basilino*. And methinks this mornings light shoots such a chearfull clearnesse into me, as my presaging thoughts do smile on one another. Well mett *Bonorio*. Since I have lost you, I have found such a miracle, as the surpris of world have killed you with joy. This company must deale your knowledg of it. Let us stand by a while.

Enter Bellefa, Gemella.

Bel. What dowomen say *Gemella*, for discovery of their loves?

Gem. As the humors are Madam, some say all they thinke, and yet thinke all they can too little. Others say no more then what just will serve a man to guesse at what they thinke.

Bel. Sure that is best *Gemella*. For so women retaine a power of rewarding modesty, and punishing presumption. Which is so easily don, as by saying nothing. But what say you *Gemella* of *Genorio's* passion, that is so bold as to fly to me for sanctuary? I had thought friendship had been the highest passion. Beleeving that *Moraments* grieves running through *Genorio* had left this sad tincture on him. Is there no friendship so bold *Gemella* as to admitt a rivall to the trust of emulous desires?

Gem. Passion, Madam, is so shie of all things, as it scatters our thoughts abroad upon all approaches can be made so, it; And is so farr from admitting any body, as it is afrayd even of its own shaddowes doubt, and suspicion which it never shines but it will make. But I wonder most that

that *Genorio* in so desperate a passion, should seek a reason for your will, though it beto neglect him. Perfect humility bows into it self, and finds reason there to justify its adoration; by an incapacity of a fault in her it is devoted to.

Bel. And sure, Humility is encouraged so, as by finding this reason, it leaves neglect less reason then it had before: but what reason doth *Genorio's* wildnesse prey upon?

Gemella. My innocence; which his suspition seifeth on, and disfigures with the imputation of malice: which I am so far from, as even his provocation can bring me no nearer it then joying in *Moramenti's* fortune.

Bel. Sure, he is in a desperate condition *Belleza*, that is so farre from knowing the cause of his ill, as the ascription of it to thy malice: I wonder that the flaming vertue of thy soul, that lightens through these clouds, doth not dispel them quite, and leave your body a fair sky, where it may shine: Here is a stranger, you shall to day here my story, which if my person could spare all this while, it may well expect improvement in your estimation, by that addition to your knowledge.

Gem. If I could make you *Madam* as full returne of all your favours, as I can do of your story, I should owe you nothing.

Bel. Are you he Sir, that demandeth audience for your pretence?

King. No *Madam*, it was my curiosity lead me hither, and I have been so well paid for following it, as I beleve the vertue of this place must needs be miraculous for devotion, since it is so propitious to curiosity. The first instant I arrived, it was made happier then I dare tell.

Bel. I wish it may afford you that happinesse to the telling of it.

King. The seeing you *Madam*, is a happinesse above relation.

Gem. This is the Queen Sir, she is now going to give audience to a new pretenderbe: you there, and bring your promise entire with you.

King. O *Fidamira*. I have already seen *Moramente*, and *Genorio*, and have looked upon them, keeping my promise unto thee, between them; and they have not discovered me.

Gem. The audience will be within this houre, and the election presently after. Then my promise shall make you a full return for this your patience.

King. This Queen is a strange creature, why may not I be so compleatly happy, as to have my Son in love with her? they are all auspicious thoughts that fancy me to day I will let my believe anticipate part of this joy, lest all at once be too much for my senses to support, would not you be content *Bonorio* to be sure to find your daughter, that she were that Moore you saw speake with me?

Bono. A father that loves a child as I do *Fidamira*, had rather mourn for her death, then see her mourn in such a life.

King. You speake as if you were in love with her. I will keepe thy fondnesse no longer in pain. That Moore is *Fidamira*, thus disguised *Rafilino* and *Agenor* are both here too. I am bound to secrecie while that *Fidamira* shall release me, and so I ingage you. Let's set forward to the audience, in the mean time I will tell you my strange discovery of *Fidamira*.

Bonorio. This is a joy Sir, becomes your delivery as the greatest blessing I can value, the seeing you so pleased.

O why did nature suffer love to know
Only this secret hid from all below?
Why should not nature tell her stealth?
Then suffer love to curse her self.

L

What

What hope hath he to ease a hidden pain
Where it is lesse to suffer, than complain?

Exeunt.

Enter Martiro.

Mar. Sure, even imagination hath a verticall point, from whence it must decline: mine hath touch't that, and now it stops again: nor doth it charge *Belleſa* with a declination, to say it follows her, but accuseth its self of a rapture, that carried her along with it. I have been guilty all this while of treason to her, of parting her body and her soul, which sure heaven united for no lesse a miracle, then the propagation of them on earth. My fancy had restrained her to the being one her selfe, her disposing of her self, will make more such as her selfe, and so exceed even my fancy. And now I find it was a suppression, not an exaltation of her, to beleve there could be any thing impossible to her, which I confesse I did beleve her loving was. *Moramente*, who was most concern'd by my opinion, hath already begun to correct it by his scorn of my counsell, which I gave him as boldly, as if *Belleſa* had been no where but in my fancie. I will allot no lesse then all my life for recantation, and pay this blessed place all that for my conversion.

Exeunt Melidoro, Camena.

Melidoro. What speculation are you in *Martiro*? Were you not thinking what starrs were in love with one another? and how by their tacite influence they entertain themselves? You never think so low as the moon, because she hath been said to have been enjoyed.

Cam. They say *Martiro* there is a Sagittary above, that answers to our Cupid here, and that the starrs which we see shoot, are shot by him to inflame which of them he will will aime at. Pray *Martiro*, do not the melancholy loving starrs delight much in the musick of the Spheares?

Mar.

Mar. No : I was thinking lower, how the globe of the earth might be made flat, and so the Antipodes laid leuell with us. In my minde I have seene as strange a thing as this come to passe.

Melidoro. There is hope *Martiro*, you may fall to thinke of possibilityes ; this is somewhat towards it to meditate so low as earth.

Mar. I do begin already to think all things so possible on earth ; as I thinke you two may be happy in enjoying one another.

Mel. This is an exposition of flattening of the Globe. Wee that were your Antipodes are now level with you.

Can. Rest your thoughts then here, *Martiro*, on the Centre of the earth, and you will finde more ease in that stability then you have don in the swift motion of the orbes above, where they have been till now.

Mar. I am but yet like one that is fallen high, whose sense at first doth but assure him he feels a foundation : so by degrees his senses begin to eom againe. I do begin to heare already, I may come to tast at last.

Mel. You will finde *Martiro*, that fancy on the ground of sense may runne division enough, and make much better musick then in ayre. Here comes *Genorio*, wee'll tell him the newes.

Enter Genorio

Gen. Happy *Martiro*, I must acknowledg, you shewed me first the way to this supream beatitude in love above the orbes of wishing. And give me leave to bragge, that I am risen a degree above you, to the joying in her loving another proportionably as it affects her.

Mar. My recantation must confesse my opinion. And you *Genorio* have now brought me a reason to confirme the change of it, your having got a point above it : You have not left me so much as a singularity to glory in, I was never higher then the allowing her I loved impos-

libility. For all that you are many degrees further. And my new opinion afforeth your happinesse that all women must love. For whom soever your Mistresse loves, your security keeps time with that.

Cam. Here is the expired Phoenix, and there the issue of his ashes. And there can be but one at once.

Mel Come *Camena*, let's leave them both together, there's no danger of *Genorio's* making a sect.

Cam. We will leave you together. If the stranger bring so good a pretence to misfortune to day as this your opinion *Genorio*, he shall have my voyce.

Gen. We will follow to the audience. If all happinesse be but opinion, as some say it is, then mine is a High one. How, *Martiro*, comes this declination of your thoughts from that high beliefe can hardly reach, to this which sense can touch?

Mar. It may be *Genorio*, your thoughts and mine are a counter-balance. And the fall of mine hath raysed yours.

Gen. Sure *Martiro*, you have reached the impossibility you soared at. And having wrought your selfe above it, have stooped with it, and come down posses't of it.

Mar. No *Genorio*, but I have seen it fallen down by me, seised by another. And now I conclude there's nothing impossible in love. And this my discovery doth advance your joyes, that are carried on with hers you love though an other be the bearer of them.

Gen. Why *Martiro*, Is not this an ingenious revenge on scorne, to reduce the woman to make you happy by the same degrees she can think her selfe so? For so is he that derives his joyes from hers.

Mar. Do you know, *Genorio*, do you know, that they that love after the knowledg of the delivery of their wishes to another are inconstant in the act, for they love another? For in that instant she is no more her selfe. And he that will begin againe, must love two at once. For of
lovers

lovers none knowes which is which.

Gen. I am so far destin'd to this singularity, as this your intended diversion is my direction, for my passion is fixt so, as he that shall enjoy my wishes is such a one as my reason may dispute with my passion, which I should love best. If you knew my story *Martino*, you would think heaven had blessed me with my love for a miraculous gratitude. I must speak with *Moramense* before the audience.

Mar. Go *Genorio*, we'll goe several wayes to *Bellefa* with my recantation. This is *Bellefa* he's in love with, & his friendship to *Moramense* is, that he frames the wonder to himself upon.

This were to stoop to let my passion fall
To lesse than whats impossible to all.

Exit Martino.

Enter Moramense and Gemella.

Mor. All that I can say *Gemella* near a return, is, that even in this my happinesse my debt to thee finds sense enough to be a paine by the difficulty of an acquittance. But if ever *Bellefa* and I joyn, then nothing can be difficult, even a compensation for thy merits will be easie.

Gem. I am so far from seeking a recompence, as I dare bragge, you owe me more then I doe know: the concealment of which, I will onely call merit. And I will leave thus much more the helping you to ease your selfe of what you will owe me, by asking you somewhat which will seeme easie to you, though it must take up all your life the giving it.

Mor. There can be nothing so hard to me as a cessation in my gratitude to you: therefore the time it doth require will not onely welcome, but satisfie the act. Lose no time *Gemella*, that I may begin.

Gemella. To be constant all your life unto *Bellefa*.

Mor. Thou hast ask't the only thing which I can do, but cannot doe for you: this is a pretention even above thy merit to wish to have *Bellefa* thought upon, one instant, for thy sake. I should forget *Bellefa* in that promise to you. This I will assure *Gemella*, for her sake to be so constant unto you, as you shall be her shadow in my thoughts.

Gemella. Did I not trust more to *Bellefa's* vertue of making a miracle for her, then to your being made one of your self, I should not have asked you so impossible a thing as constancy.

Mor. Why, do you think constancy in a man a miracle?

Gemella. Such a one, as it is in no mans power to be assured of for constancy. *Moramente* is to be judged of, as other miracles, after death; and so may be allowed deification.

Moramente. I should choose *Gemella*, that time for the Judgment of mine: for every instant of my life shall adde more to my love, then all the rest of the world doth love in all; and my last instant's breath shall only summe it up.

Gem. Make not so unlimited ingagements *Moramente*, 'tis ominous, 'tis a defie to fortune and time, that both subsist by change, to resolve so bold a constancy.

Enter *Genorio*.

Gem. Here comes *Genorio*, we will be judged by him, whether large professions be not temptations unto fortune to glory in the frustration of them.

Gen. I doe beleeve sometimes that destiny is provoked by our undertakings to be so much our selves, and useth such violence as justifies our honours, not by a surrender, but by a defeature of our faith.

Gem,

Gen. Sure *Genorio* thus to accuse fate of such a depravation is to provoke it more, than to conclude it will not be offended with a virtuous confidence.

Genorio. I beleeve too there may be such a subject for a miraculous passion, as inconstancy may be the greater miracle.

Gen. Pray *Genorio*, do you think a *Salamander* can be sensible of the change of flames? passions may be in some so naturall, as they cannot distinguish their own alterations.

Gen. If this Simile hold for a reproach, it reacheth to both sexes. Will you be pleased *Gemella* to let me change this discourse for some privacy with *Moramante*?

Gen. You, I beleeve, have not the same businesse with him as I had to recommend constancy.

Gen. The impatience I have sought you with, *Moramante*, all this morning will be proved to you by the occasion of my seeking you.

Mor. No impatience can be welcomer to me *Genorio*, then this of shewing me this cleer chearfulnesse risen in thy looks, that have morning in them now again; they have been so long be-nighted.

Gen. 'Tis all reflex't from you *Moramante*, to whom such beames shine as must needs by repercussion cleare one so neer to you as I am. It is *Bellefa's* love to you that sends these sparkling joyes to me from that great flame of glorious happinesse that doth blaze on you.

Mor. Thou hast match't two impossibilityes so well *Genorio*, as I knew not which to beleeve least, *Bellefa's* loving me, or thy knowing it.

Gen. You do well to wonder at it, *Moramante*: for heaven thought it newsworthy of an Angel's sending to the earth to be the bearer of it: and the gods knowing my gratitude to you, could aske no lesse then a miracle for an expression of it; and chose me first to impart it to you, lest you might have been indebted too much to any body

but one whose life was yours, by the delivery of such a blessing. An Angel that took *Fidamira's* shape to assure me of her speaking true, appeared to me last night in the Temple, and told it me.

Mora. The gods know, *Genorio*, that *Belleſa's* loving was a blessing too pure for mortality, and therefore did alay it with *Fidamira's* death.

Gen. Nay *Moramante*, I have the same authority for *Fidamira's* life, as for *Belleſa's* love: the angel told me both at once.

Mor. Then *Genorio* the blessing that thou bringest is so divine, it leaves me not a wish. I am now touch't too with an equal reflex of those joyes shine on thee in *Fidamira's* love. The wonder of thy gratitude to me in preferring me before thy self did require no lesse then such a miracle for thy reward.

Gen. Beleeve me *Moramante*, my heart is so set upon your joyes, as I have scarce any sense left for *Fidamira's* love.

Mor. Thou dost affect out-meriting thy selfe. Here comes the Queen, *Genorio*.

Enter Belleſa, Gemella.

Belleſa. This freedome is a double obligation as it gives me some meanes of return. Till when, it shall not be perceived that I am trusted with it. Doth it not grow late?

Gem. Look on your watch Madam. I beleeve the hour of the audience draws near.

Bel. It is within halfe an hour of the time. How goes your watch *Moramante*?

Moramante. Will you be pleased to tell your selfe Madam.

Bel. As just with mine as if the same wheelles moved them both. Have you seen the Sun to day.

Mor. I have been in heaven this morning Madam, and
set

set it there, and 'tis as great a prooffe to me of the truth of it, the keeping time with yours.

Gen. *Moramente* is so happy, he beleevs he governs time.

Bel. Sure the pretender is impatient of his audience which I have promised him, and the hour I have prefixt draws near.

Mor. Sure, you your self Madam should be impatient in the interim between your promise and performance, for that is the only time you can owe any thing. We will waite on you now to hasten your discharge.

Belleſa. We will go, *Moramente*. I should be glad to see *Genario's* looks tuned to bear a part in this generall harmony.

Gen. Mine Madam are the discords which must be in this composition.

Exeunt.

Enter Pantamora.

Pan. The Queen is gone before to the audience: her inclination now to *Moramente* is so declared, as even his looks avow it. The election is to be presently after the audience, in which I can think on nothing to fear, unless confidence be ominous.

Exit Pantamora.

Bel. Let the pretender be called in.

Enter Romero.

Rom. Pardon this amazement Madam? All my Soul's faculties are drawn into my eyes to decide a doubt. In which if I durst so soon beleve my eyes, they had already looked away my pretence, but they are too partial to me to beleve so soon. Therefore give me leave Madam to bring them neerer the object they are now disputing on, that they may aske some Questions of my memory, so to decide this doubt. It must be she, nature could not make two such! Blessed *Saphira*, I conjure you by the remove of what

what only can be objected against your innocence. The affliction of your father and the hazard of a nation to answer to this name, and in a word to speake me happier then even the youngest here can live to. You know who asketh this pitty of you now. One whose misery is a reproach to you. Therefore answer to this name *Saphira*, and with one word over-pay him to whom you owe the first you ever had.

Gen. The virtue of this place reacheth not to cure distraction. You would have *Belleſa* revive the dead. He may be dismiss, Madam.

Bel. Stay *Genorio*, sure I owe him more pitty that would revive me. than one would antedate my death. Worthy *Romero* I will answer to that name, and in this instant make thee so happy as to indebt all the Society to thee for the knowledg of me. And to enlarge this present of my selfe unto thee, I will bring a witnesse thou wilt willingly believe, thy son, whose flight with me if it do need forgiveness cannot be denied now.

Mar. I will not weaken so much the *Queens* desire as to add my prayers to it, She that hath blessed you so, cannot be denied yours for me.

Mor. What say you to this *Genorio*?

Gen. Since my fault is an exaltation of your happinesse, that I will ask pardon for it.

Romero. Pardon me Madam, if I refuse a thought yet so low, as the joy of finding a son. You must have all my soul a while, till I have discharged my selfe of what I owe your father. In whose name I am to beg of you, and conjure all this society, whom I esteem so justly blessed, as I doubt not of their wishes to my successe, to joyne with me in a pretence, I am to deliver to you in the name of the King, and of a Nation, which by me now begs reliefe of you. This Society understands you so well as I may better aske of them then tell them, what a blessing your company is. And if it be such an one to stran-

gers,

gers, let them judge what a joy it will be to a father, to whom you have been so long a stranger. And though it forced misfortune cannot afford you less than a Crown, yet you ought not to make that Crown, which nature hath made yours, unfortunate. Therefore hear the distresses of the King your father, that cry so lowd in the complaints of the losse of you, as they hear not the cries of all his Kingdom for their exposure to the first strong power that will seize it. His age must quickly leave the first invader for his heir. You know your brother and your sister, the Prince *Palani*, and the Princess *Miranda*, perished both infants at the siege of the cursed *Pamponia*. Since, the King your father having destin'd you to the Prince of *Caspia*, a Prince thought a match for your virtue as well as your condition. In the time of this treaty you fled, attended only by my son. I upon whose trust this misfortune lay like Treason, have been ever since in the search of you, and now the gods have been pleased to blesse my dispaire with what they have so long denied my hope, the finding you, Madam. I must now addressse myselfe not only to you, but all this society for judgement of this pretence of a King, and a Nation, which in a new way demands reliefe, not by admittance but dismissal.

Bal. I must confesse *Romero* all you have alledg'd against me: But, in my defence, desire this faire Society, whose judgments would be injured in my unmatorallnesse, to beleve that even these and the honor of this place did not divert me from the sense of my fathers afflictions, whose reliefe I did deferr to bring thee more intire, after the Prince his marriage should have removed all subject of dispute between us.

Here resolve to stay till then, confident that my fathers consent to the estimation of my selfe, in the expression of my equall unwillingnesse, to that, his passion to *Fidamira* did avow, would justify my presumption on his patience.

Romero

Rom. This was a sense Madam you ought your vertue, while the Prince's unsensiblenesse seem'd to provoke it to a valuation of his selfe. But now the same vertue that did convict him will plead for his acquittance. Now as your goodnesse ought not to avert it selfe from his repentance, which his leaving *Fidamira*, and his journey devoted to your pardon, do assure: therefore Madam in my mind you owe the King your father this satisfaction for all his sufferings. A returne of a full obedience for all the hazard he hath runn with you. I have heard of late, that he hath pittied so the Prince, as your admission of him into yours, would be a joy that would indeare your presence. I remitt my selfe to this Society. And beg of them, that if their judgments agree with mine, their prayers may do so too.

Gem. We have our own interests me-thinks, that ask our sollicitations, that we that know the blessing of such a Queen, may still enjoy it, both exalted for herselfe and us.

Cam. Even this our derived light of Sovereignty must grow brighter, so drawn from a more glorious body then it was ere before.

All. We all joyne in this supplication for the Prince.

King. I think my selfe bound by the good fortune I owe this place, to contribute what my power affords to all the wishes of this Society. And my admiration to you Madam engageth me to what I owe my countrey and my Prince, to lett you know that I was lately a witnesse of the Kings wishes to the happy conjunction of the Prince, and Princeesse of Navarr. And I am so assured of his consent, as I dare answer for it with my life.

Bel. I wish the King and Prince so much happinesse, as it were presumption in me to think I could afford it them. Let me aske you some questions of my father *Romero*.

Gem. Methinks, *Moramente*, you are too cold an interceder

ceder for the Prince, that are so much concerned in all his wishes.

Mor. Therefore *Gemella* I may be thought too partial to him. Your uninterested prayers may challenge more success. Now *Genorio*, you that can report Princes lives away so easily, can you speake me dead too, and be believed? For only so thou canst get trust of me againe, when I perceive thou canst deceive all the world. Did not some such Angell tell you of *Belleſa's* love, as of *Saphira's* death.

Gen. Consider Sir, how meritorious this report proves to your life, and you may think that an Angell prompted it for your justification to the Princeſſe, and the rest of the world to whom your vow was known. Doth not this your believe approve to her the cessation of your designe, which else might have been objected to you even by her? And must not the sense that you expressed then of her death, indeare you to her now? And when you know the reason of this my report, even the falshood of it will justify my trust to you.

Bel. Sure, *Moramante* knows the Prince best of any body. I will informe my selfe of him. And take his counsell before I do resolve.

Gem. You cannot resolve better.

Belleſa goes apart with Moramante.

Bel. What say you *Moramante*? Have I not chosen a fitt counsellor in this cause? Now you know me fully and my story, give me your advice. For I am resolved to be counselled by you in the disposing of my selfe.

Mor. Confident of what you say Madam, I shall beg of you to pittie the Prince.

Bel. Is your charity *Moramante* so much above your love?

Mor.

Mor. No Madam, it is my love that is so humble as to expect nothing but by charity. And if my intercession for the Prince obtaine pardon for him, I shall esteeme it as a favour done to me.

Bel. I thought you would desire nothing but pardon for him; and for your sake *Moramonte* it will be easy for me to yeeld to as much as you shall desire for him.

Mor. I will no longer seeme to owe you lesse Madam then I do. I do accept this pardon which is so strange an one, as it makes me a Prince, and the same that you have pardoned. And to deserve this grace, I do resigne it back to you, and so expose my selfe to all your wills, without claiming any thing, that your not knowing me might seeme to engage you to. You already are acquainted with my story, which I must thus farr enlarge. That taking this place in the way of my designe of seeking your pardon. I was stayd here by you. So I have promised my selfe to plead it. as your selfe you shall excuse. So that the dispute will be between *Saphira* and *Bellefa*. And now Madam to be no longer guilty of concealing any thing from you, I must let you know, that, that stranger which so boldly answered for the King, might safely do it. For it is the King my father. Of whose being here, you know the reason and the time just as I do, for I have but now discovered him. Now Madam I do so entirely prostrate my selfe unto your will, as I forget any thing that might direct me to an expectation, and bow my selfe to take your pleasure on me.

Bel. Thus then *Moramonte*, I retract all I have sayd as *Bellefa*, but 'tis to say more as *Saphira*. Me thinks fate it selfe is so much interested in this our union, as it seemes to have directed all which your humility can call a fault. Therefore now I confirme my promise of being counsell'd by you in the disposing of my selfe, as farr as my fathers consent shall go along with it, which we may safely expect

pest for the perfection not retardance of our joys.

Mor. Vouchsafe to call me your selfe Madam, and so beleeve you shall alwayes be counselled and obeyed together.

Bel. *Moraments* hath prevailed so much with me, as I have not onely forgiven the Prince, but resolve to entertain such thoughts of him hereafter, as his affection shall present worthy of me.

Gemella. You are born for no lesse then the blessing of nations.

King. Give me leave Madam, to present the Prince to you, that he may lose no more time in the application of himself to the desert of your farther pittie.

Bel. He hath lost no time in that. If he were now to begin, I should not so soon assure you Sir, that I trust you so much, that if I had one to answer for me, as you may for him, upon your two words I should not fear to engage my self.

King. By this it seemes you know I am his father Madam, and you would not doubt how much I should joy to have the blessing of that name enlarg'd so far as to comprize you.

Bel. You that are a father Sir, know so well what I owe unto that name, as I beleeve you will chose to aske it of him, whose giving it must justifie my joyning.

Now Sir give me leave to retire to the new Election, that I may not be charged so much as with the breach of an order here, nor be reproached by the impatience of her, whose beaurty and vertue is destin'd to the reward of this happy day. We will leave you Sir with your Son, the time cannot seem long to you.

King. I forget to day Madam I am a King, and only one that joyes a fathers name. If you will have me remember I am a King, it shall be to obey you with more merit.

Bel. Come Ladyes, let's to the election, we shall return presently

presently, and returne a present worthy of a King, a fair and vertuous Queen.

Gen. I beseech you Sir conceale me still.

King. I am all obedience here, *Bellefa.*

Bell. Let me, *Camena*, desire your voyce to follow mine to day. Though it seeme to oppose your reason for a while; it shall not do so long.

Cam. I resigne my voyce so freely to you Madam, it shall not be mine so much as to ask a reason.

They all go out to the Election.

Mor. Now Sir be pleased to transferr all my joyes, with your blessing upon *Basilino*.

King. I will not own to day so old a joy as the name of *Basilino*. This is thy birth-day wherein all's new; and I owe more to thy name *Moramente*, then thou dost to me for *Basilino*.

Mor. You may Sir, for a just improvement of your joyes derive mine from the blessings Heaven ought you, that have had credit enough to crown me with your fondest wish.

King. I have *Moramente* private joyes of mine own. Thou knowest not yet, enough, not to need the ascription of all thine to me. And I will own only the giving thee that happines, the knowing them. Which it may be thy goodnature will allow an equall share with all thine own. But first shew me the highest of thy good fortune. Feare not mine will rise unto an equall parallel.

Mor. I owe so much to my good fortune, I was not long a seeking it. You know Sir, it is now a yeare since I left you. And my curiosity was employed I think by heaven, to bring me hither, first to the Election of the Queen. And coming into this peacefull harbour, my sailes were taken off, and I coming a passenger put my selfe into service here. The difficulties I have met with cannot be expressed, but in the same words that made them. This Princeesse is a creature no body can guesse at, but by know
ing

ing her to be a woman. A great while in a seeming neglect of all the love my witt could make, her own made love, which none but its own maker could understand. But since, she hath beene pleased to interpret it so fairely, as you Sir underst and it too. This opinion, of her being dead, *Genorio*, is to answer for. And now at this Election I was resolved to bring you back (that, which you have thus advanced unto your selfe) the joyes of a contented father.

King. I must tell you in private how I came thus to anticipate my joyes.

Romero. Give me leave to consider well this Jewell Sir.

Gen. You have been so luckie in finding what you have lost to day, as I may feare you will challenge it.

Romero. If I could challenge it rightly, you should get by it. 'Tis the same. Are you now at so much leisure as to tell me how you came by it ?

Gen. I can direct you how you shall know. Ask the King or Prince, I know nothing of my selfe but what they have told me. What a reviving happinesse is this sight of the divine *Bellefa* ? Your eyes, that were this morning two expiring lamps, flame in a chearefull brightnesse. Now Nature by *Bellefa*'s perfections can repaire her own defects.

Romero. How happie are you then, whose youth hath so long receiv'd new vigor from those beames ?

Gen. I am so happie Sir, I will not hazard this present with expectation of more which you might give me.

King. I have told you all which you must keepe concealed.

Mec. Is *Gemella*, *Fidamira* ? and you in love with her ? and do resolve to marry her ?

King. You will beleeve me when I shall tell you I love her, as much as you can *Bellefa*. Methinks *Moramente*,

M

you

you seem troubled. Is it that any body should love as well as you?

Mor. 'Tis but the admiration of the strangeness of this day.

Rom. Give me leave I beseech you Sir to begge somewhat of you this day, wherein there is no joy left you to come but giving.

King. It is no longer mine whatsoever you desire.

Rom. 'Tis but a true answer to a question.

King. That cannot be call'd a gift, I owe it.

Mor. My quarrel to thee *Genorio* cannot be great enough to consent unto thy misery. I must needs pitty thee.

Genorio. There can be nothing, that hath thus reconciled me to you, that can be call'd misfortune. Tell me Sir what I am beholding to you for this your pitty?

Mor. O *Genorio*, *Fidemia*!

Gen. Is it to her I must still owe more and more?

Mor. The more thou knowest her *Genorio*, the more thou art to be pittied. My father is in love with her, and is resolved to marry her.

Gen. Mine shall not then be the least contribution to the wonder of this day: for your sake I can resolve never to see her more, and so make my happiness the sacrifice of this solemnity.

Mor. Stay *Genorio*, let's think a little how to make you rather an offerer than an immolation.

Rom. Is this certain Sir, that he was saved at the sack of *Pamlova*? and this jewel found about him?

King. 'Tis as certain as any thing on earth, and that my Son then being a child i'th camp, begg'd his life of me, which he hath since loved better then his own, because he ought that, and this was due to him.

Rom. Then I beleeve 'twill be to your brave mind some satisfaction to let you know how happily this your mercy was disposed. So as it may seeme a reparation for all
other

other losses, having in this one blessed a whole nation. This is the Prince *Palante* you have saved. I that was trusted with him, and the government of *Pamona*, can assure it. Now you may remember Sir, that you surpris'd the Town when I was absent, two Princes were then in my charge, this and a daughter of the Kings, both infants. The general execution that was committed then left us no hope of safety for these Princes. And since, the King having this Princess *Saphira* hath razed out the memory of any losse, and now the finding of the Prince *Palante* must be a joy to the King, and her, scarce to be beleev'd; They did not come from Paradise: Let me then beg of you to be a witnesse to this claime that I shall make.

Romero goes to Genorio.

Now Sir I must not only challenge this jewel, but you too,

Gen. You will lose in the value of this jewel by taking me with it. I am not so ill natur'd as it would not adde to my misfortune to be owned by any body.

Rom. I am so happy as I can change you from what you do beleve your self, and so part you and your misfortunes.

Gen. Grow not too confident upon this dayes successe; undertake not such a difficulty as the making me happy.

Rom. You can have no such personall afflictions as the blessing of a nation will not out-weigh. Therefore be pleas'd to know your selfe, and it may be you will find your misfortunes depend on that mistake.

Gen. If you could teach me to forget my self, that were a more probable way.

Rom. Would you not think your self happy to make these two Princes a return of all their benefits?

Geno. I will not hazard to be more miserable by the frustration of such a hope.

Rom. You, that did remit me to the king even now for knowledge of your self, will not refuse him credit. Therefore be pleas'd to put off that unfortunate name *Genorio*

and call your selfe Prince *Palante*, Son to the now blessed king of *N. var.*

Gen. What plot is this, Sir, between your father and this Gentleman?

King. 'Tis to make you what heaven hath destin'd you, a happy Prince.

Rom. This jewell, I have so enquired after, is the witness of what the King hath bin pleased to acquaint you with. In the last warre between the King your father, and this brave Prince I had the honour to be trusted with the town *Panlona*, and the persons of all the Kings children; who had then only your selfe, and a young Princess called *Mianda*, your sister. The town in my absence was surpris'd, and the impartial execution that was committed to the incensed Souldiers, destroyed all our hope of either of your safeties. Now the King assures me that you were then brought to him with this jewel about you, whose command saved your life by the intercession of the Prince. The time which hath changed all things else about you but this jewel, leaves my memory no other certainty. Your sister had another too, which concurring with the Kings relation, makes it unquestionable. It seems even your infancy had some such divinity in it, as did infuse a soul into that body, should have taken yours away, and so at once inlarge your obligation, and invest your self with the power of acquittance too, to these brave Princes.

King. All this I am a witness to, and I think my Sons memory will retain this marke of his charity, this jewell which was then about you.

Mo. If this jewel be a certain mark of your birth. I can assure you that you were brought to me with it, and then I call'd you *Agencr*, a name fitted to the not-knowing who you were.

Rom. I dare say upon this security your father will willingly put his kingdome into your hands, therefore put off this amazement, and put on your self *Palante*.

Mor.

Mor. Why are you thus sad at the taking leave of *Genorio*, and *Agenor*?

Gen. I can say nothing at all in answer of what you have said, but can object one thing which you cannot answer. How can I be *Belleſa's* brother?

Rom. As ſhe's your ſiſter by father and mother.

Gen. You that are ſo miſtaken in her may eaſily be ſo in me. She is a creation of her ſelf apart from all things, there can be nothing ſo near her as brother or ſiſter. Should I call her ſiſter?

King. Call your ſelf *Palante*, and give me leave to embrace you ſo : then this your reverence to her will oblige you to answer to what nature ſhall direct her to call you.

Mor. This is the laſt miſſion of it ſelfe your dying paſſion makes, as it contends with nature, whoſe reviving is the others death: therefore I do not wonder at the force of it, and I do not fear but you will ſhare joyes with me in that little, I hope to owe *Belleſa* of your brother; and from this inſtant that I hope indebted me to you.

Gen. The improvement of my life muſt be the ſame ſtill of my obligation unto you Sir, that muſt owe it you. Nor could it be a part of a diſcharge for me to begin but now to joy in *Belleſa's* loving you : but I did it then, when my paſſion unto her made a burthen unto my life.

Mor. Have you this bleſſing to give, that my fathers having *Fidamira* ſhall prove your wiſh?

Gen. I have now only that devotion left, you had for the Princeſſe of *Navarre*, for expiation of my fault.

Mor. Conceale this purpoſe awhile, and you may chance find her, where I found *Saphira*.

Gen. This change of my fortune if it prove happy to me *Romero*, will aſſure me of a recompence of thy fidelity, though it cannot of my obligations to theſe Princes.

Rom. I have not a wiſh left now but the finding of the Princeſſe *Miranda*, and the miracles of this day make nothing deſperate here.

Genorio. Would not you wonder Sir now, if I should challenge you of being the occasion of the report of the Princeſſe *Saphira's* death?

King. Miracles are here in their own element.

Gen. Doe you remember Sir when you thought your ſelf the univerſall monarch of deſpair, and would admit no rivall?

King. I can remember when I gave the odds between a Pilgrime and a King into the balance, and yet outweighed miſfortunes.

Gen. I can witneſſe it Sir, for it was to me you gave it, who then in the habit of a pilgrime employed by the Prince in the ſearch of the Princeſſe of *Navarr*, met you in a lamentation, I thought belong'd ſingly to me, *Fidamira's* loſſe, whom I had been then to ſeek. The ſenſe of your affliction agreeing with mine own deſign, made me reſolve to come back to the Prince, whom I had left here to try if the belief of the Princeſſe *Saphira's* death, who was then the pretence of his remove from you, could bring him backe. And your own direction of me hither will juſtifie this my charge againſt you Sir, by which I only pretend your interceſſion to the Prince for my pardon.

Mor. Noble *Palante* your own revivall muſt be a new life to her. So you will recompence her in eff: & for taking from her but by report.

King. Remember all this *Palante*. *Moramente* what is the meaning of this between *Fidamira* and him? Am I not yet fixt faſter then fear can remove?

Moramente. Aſſure your ſelfe Sir, your wiſhes with *Fidamira* ſhall not be croſſed without a wiſh of his.

Melidoro. Are not theſe ſtrange things that we have heard? Sure *Martiro* your impoſſibility, that is fallen to the earth, hath ingendred here this day, and is delivered of ſo many miracles.

Mar. I confeſſe this day may juſtifie my wondering againe.

Enter

Enter Pantamora hastily.

Pan. Heaven hath sent you hither Sir opportunely, to defend the rites of the Society, which must appeal to you for your preservation. The will of the Foundresse, which appoints the Queen to be chosen principally for her beauty, is now violated in the choice of the Moor *Gemella*, who is now chosen Queen.

King. Was she chosen Queen as Moor?

Pan. Unlesse the gods have wrought a miracle for her, she was so when she was chosen.

King. I will assure you *Pantamora*, my consent shall not ratifie the election. [to himselfe] This way obligeth her to stay here.

Enter Bellesa, and all the Ladies leading Gemella.

King. Could forgetting justice be in you Madam? you are so much interested in gratitude to beauty to be consenting to this choice of your Queen.

Bel. I should be unjust to beauty should I disavow this choice.

King. Sure she knows her I expect no lesse then miracles from you. And therefore will suppose you can make her handsome, if that will not approve this choice, which could not be made upon a justifiable appearance.

Bel. Suppose I knew she was but thus disguised, and I had been trusted with her beauty; such a trust had been broken in the concealment of it in this case.

King. That answers this Ladies complaint, if the beauty you produce be subject to no new objection.

Bel. Then thus I justify my choice [pulls off her vaile] expecting all admiration, no exception, now every body remains wondering.

Gem. None can wonder Madam so much as I, that you would expose your self to the blemish of an error for my sake. Nothing can seem handsomer in me now then blushing, which may passe for beauty as I am bound to blush for you, that are lesse to be credited in beauty Madam, than any body, because you may be so safely charitable,

ble. Therefore I must desire these more competent judges not to look upon my face but your favour in it, and as that is the loveliest thing in this world, so your choice may be justified.

Bel. What say you now, Ladies, and you of the Society, have I forfeited this Ladie's trust by thus revealing it? or my faith to the Orders, in this choice?

Cam. 'Tis such a one as leaves as much beauty here, as your leaving of the place admitts of.

Mor. Her beauty was destin'd to no lesse glory than the neglecting all power but yours to be inthroned by.

Gen. Heaven to acquit you Madam, hath given you this reparation for her beauty.

All. We all admit the choice.

Gen. Nature carries me to pay this duty.

Bon. I dare owne the joy, though scarce the honor of this day.

King. If I dissent, it shall be to raise her higher yet. This place is so fruitfull in miracles this day, as there hath been one wrought Madam out of your sight, which is no way a lesse miracle then yours, but as it is a blessing sent to you.

Moramente takes Genorio by the hand leading him to Bellefa.

Mor. It is so strange a thing Madam, as we may brag we have a present worthy of you, a brother, this Prince *Palante*.

Gen. O do not over-charge me Sir, I am not yet strong enough to beare *Palant*; much lesse *Bellefa's* brother.

Mor. You must be pleased Madam to lessen the distance his reverence keeps him at, and bring him in, in the name of Brother.

Gen. I shall not change Madam, in being whatsoever you will be pleased to call me.

King. We have been so curious in this present we have made you Madam, as we have refined the truth of it. *Romero*, whose testimony you have approved to us, will answer

answer, this jewell is no counterfeit, which he assures us the Prince *Palante*, your brother, had about him at the taking of Pamona, before you were borne: Which proves this must be he. Whose single life my son then asked, saved by the mercy of a souldier, whom the price of this jewell could not perswade to an obedience of my commands. So his safety hath many miracles in it. *Romero* is to answer for the jewell, we two for the rest.

Rom. I will affirme no truth more confidently then that this jewell is the same the Prince *Palante* had about him.

Mora. And I, madam, owe you so much as I may own, the saving of your brothers life, without reproach to you or him.

Gen. Sure Madam nature saw her defects in me, and meant to cast me away; and since made you so corrected a perfection, it cannot be beleev'd you were of the same hand.

Bel. I will answer all your complements *Palante* by calling you brother, and so returne half back upon your selfe.

Gen. Tis a title Madam brings many joyes along with it, but none so great as the darings in your love to this Prince, to owne a compensation of my life to you.

Mor. I owe you the more *Palante*, that have furnished me with what I thought impossible, some merit to this matchlesse Princeesse.

Gen. I have a suit now which I deserve so little as I must joyn you two in an intercession for me to the Queen. I will not so much undervalue her pardon as to desire her love.

Bel. Were your fault greater then my credit with her, her own goodnesse would assure you pardon. Tis but the imputation of ill offices.

Gen. Tis more I perceive then you know Madam, I pray you lend me this vaile, not to cover, but to reveale it. For it is so black a fault as passion even through this colour will lighten it. Let this *Fidamira*, that proved a cover to your innocence, prove one unto my guilt.

Gen. I had so long ago forgiven you as I was afraid you would have asked somewhat of me I must have refused you. Since you are so civill, as to think my good wishes usefull to your happinesse, I must esteeme that a satisfaction for any thing you can remember, which I had long forgot. Therefore put off this, which is now the only marke for my memory?

Bel. Can you tell *Moramene* my brothers fault to *Fidamira*?

Mor. I beleeeve I can Madam.

Bel. Pray tell me, I long to know it.

The King takes Fidamira aside. And Romero looking on her jewell talks to her father.

King. Now *Fidamira* it is time for me to challenge the reward of my obedience, which I think so meritorious, as I shall aske no lesse then your selfe for recompence. My joyes are yet to come I have had no sence of all that you have had to day. I have reserved all my sence for this blessing I beg of you. I am not yet happy, only in the power of dispensing with the election.

Gen. O Sir, settle your happinesse on the joyes of King and Father, and be not so cruell to me, as to make me guilty of your discontent to day, since it is not in my power to satisfy you.

King. I am so unhappy that you Madam that have had till now so much power over your selfe, should lose it now for its confirmation.

Gen. The having had so much power over my selfe is that, which restraines me now, the having made a vow of chastity, which is not in my power to recall.

King. What strange crosses do my passion meet? first, it was to contest with Nature, now with Heaven.

Bel. If I had known this story *Palante*, I should not so easily have owned you for my brother. But 'tis forgiven you now.

Gen. Had I sooner known you for my sister Madam, I should not have been in need of this forgiveness.

Rom

Rom. Then this is certainly she. Will you be pleased to heare me Sir in the behalfe of this worthy man.

King. Alas *Romero*, it is not his fault, I impute nothing to him.

Bel. What sudden cloud is this Sir, that overcasts all our joyes?

King. 'Tis Madam, that no body askes me any thing but pardon to day. And I would give any thing my selfe, and it will not be accepted.

Rom. Will you be pleased to heare me sum up all the wonders of this day? This is the *Princessse Miranda*. This gentleman, her supposed Father, hath by my knowledg of a jewell, and a mark upon her arme, confest to me that he saved her life at the same time when the Prince saved the Prince *Palante's*. and to avoyd the ruine you had pronounced against such a disobedience he own'd her for his child, and hath so bred her ever since.

Bo. This Sir upon my conscience, upon *Romero's* challenge bids me acrew, and joy in these meanes of retribution unto her, whom I owe all your benefits, the giving her the knowledge of her selfe,

King. This, *Bonorio*, is a merit to me above the being her father, as it will helpe to free me from a desire would have disquieted the peace of this blessed day.

Gem. I must acknowledg more to you *Bonorio* then to a father, whose giving life is but casuall, but mine was given me by the hazard of yours.

Bon. You have given me meanes to despise death, which is my despaire.

Mor. There was but this one point wanting to close up all the blessings the circle of this world containes.

Bel. Lovely *Miranda*, sure heaven did desert the knowledge of you till the acquaintance with your Prince should make the finding you a sister such a joy as now it proves.

Gem. Matchlesse *Saphira* I cannot now taxe nature for any of my wants, since she may answer me, She did reserve all,

all, that she could give, for you. And it is too much for me to come so neer, as being sister to such perfections.

Bel. What I will thank nature most for, is, for that instinct by which she did perswade me to love you so, as *Gemella*.

Gen. There is none can challenge so much joy in this discovery, as I dare *Miranda*. For I have not only found a sister, but my selfe worthy to be a brother to you both; then before, as nature now, makes my inconstancy, her predomination, not the defection of my faith.

King. Nature and heaven joyning now have mastered my passion. Now *Miranda* I must ask you pardon, that my cruelty should indebt you to another for your life. And heaven forbids me now so much the wishing the defeature of your vow, as it directs me to present you with the reward of it. And since your vow hath chosen this residence, I will propose to the Societie the confirming you Queen during your life.

Bel. You have spoke Sir all our wishes.

All. We agree to it with joy.

Gen. I accept this as an accomplishment of your prediction, *Moramante*, of my never being enjoyed by man. And methinks heaven gave me a prevision into this your happinesse, which I dare assure you of.

Bellefa's love which you do now possesse,

May by you only be made more or lesse.

Mor. I will leave her only the power of improving it; and will but own an incapacity of ever contributing to the lessening of it.

Bel. I will now ease your complement Sir of having nothing asked you to daie. I will aske a blessing will add to my sense of this dayes happinesse: It is so great a suite Sir I will joyne *Moramante* with me to obtaine it, leave for my brother to be received a servant to the Princessse *Mirabella* your daughter; for whose beauty fame promiseth as much, as her birth assureth for her vertue.

King. This day is so auspicious to my wishes, as it affords

affords me all my suites, I will advance somewhat to you Madam, this promise, that she is already by your desire ready for Prince *Palante's* acceptance or refusal.

Mor. There can be no dispute or scruple Madam, but this disparity between his sister and mine. If he will be content with so unquall a choice.

Gen. This raiseth the value of my new condition by the procurement of such an honor as the Princeesse *Mirabella*, whose perfections seeme rather to add unto the lusture of your crown, then to need to be sett there to shine. Therefore I shall beg Sir, that you will procure me to be accepted.

Gen. *Bellefa* was to bring in the last joy. Sure now all this day's miracles are perfected.

Mor. I have a suite more to you Sir, that you would be pleased to let me keep this happy name *Moramente*.

King. You may in gratitude qualify that name, that hath served you so.

Bel. And I will keepe *Bellefa* all my life.

Mor. There is no life Madam that name is so due to, as yours.

Bel. What say you *Melidoro* and *Camena*? You are tuned for your parts in the consorts of this day.

Cam. I am so transported with your joyes Madam, I have forgot my selfe.

Mel. Give me leave then to remember you of your promise, if *Bellefa* left the Society with *Moramente*.

Mor. All is due that was promised on that condition.

Cam. Then *Melidoro* you are master of your wish.

Bel. We will carry you to Court with us, where we will be witnesses of your joyes. You see *Pantamora*, every one that durst scarce hope their wishes, possessed of them to day, and your security only left empty.

Pan. I shall stay here Madam, and learn to assure my wishes by bounding them within the peace of this blessed place.

Bel. Come *Martiro*, I have nothing to think on now but

but the making thee happy, which is so hard it will require my study.

Mar. That may be easily Madam, by leaving me here, and receiving this offering. May you alwayes carry with you my accomplished wishes, and prayers instead of me, [gives her a paper].

Bel. These be verses *Martiro*, pray read them.

Mar. Reason and Wonder are so reconcil'd
In you, as married they have had a child:
Whose first conception was the birth
Of more then was conceiv'd before on earth
So Love that did so long in labour lye
Deliver'd of impossibility
Is now at last, and so can never more
B'in danger of miscarrying as before.
For your divine example needs must prove,
The heighth of vertue doth consist in love.
So Love shining in you by this reflex
Raiseth both light and heat to either sex.
Since your example doth to all declare
None innocent that love not, may not faire.
For they can neither handsome be, nor true,
That may and yet refuse to be as you.
If any thing impossible be now
In love, tis that your vertue may allow.
For even your loving doth become a proof
It is impossible to love you enough.

Bel. These I understand *Martiro*, and will answer them with a wish to you. May your elected solitude enlarge, and fill your soul at once with such delightfull thoughts as you may never thinke that you want any thing but time.

Mar. Your wishes are divine Madam, and must fulfill themselves.

Mor. Will you be pleased to think Madam who we shal dispatch to the King your father with these news and

to desire his consent to the Prince *Palante's* wish and mine.

Rom. Let me begge this commission, that I may imploy this new life that you have given me on your service.

King. None can be so fit as *Romero*, that can informe the king of all that's past.

Bel. I will write by you to my father, who I thinke will not know my brother's and sister's hands. 'Tis no time Sister to performe the rites of your inthronement.

Mir. There can be nothing welcome to me so neer the loving you *Bellefa*.

Bel. I will promise *Miranda*, if *Moramente* will joyn with me, to come hither once a year.

Moramente. Promise me Madam never to doubt your will

Bon. Give me leave Madam to make the last suite to be received into the Society without the publication of a pretence.

Mira. 'Tis a grace Sir you may be sure of, since it is in my power.

King. Among all these joyes 'tis no wonder if no body think of sleeping. Let's retire Madam to that rest, may prepare us for to morrow's ceremonies, where these couples must be beholding to your dismissal.

Mar. It becomes me Madam, to leave the last wish with you.

May you have all the joyes of innocence
 Injoying too all the delights of sense
 May you live long and know not till you'r told
 T'endear your beautie's wonder, You are old.
 And when heavens heat shall draw you to the sky
 May you transfigur'd, not dissigur'd dye.